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# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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## UNFINISHED VICTORY

EXERCISING his prerogative as Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower has declared that there will be no announcement of V-day until all important pockets of enemy resistance in his theatre have been wiped out. This is a wise decision. Magdeburg captured, the Western Allies are halted on the Elbe, and heavy street fighting proceeds in the great city of Saxony. In the quadrilateral bounded by Stettin, Goerlitz, Chemnitz and Hamburg a major battle (in which the decisive part must fall to the Red Army) has still to be won. The capitulation of the remains of an entire German Army Group in the Ruhr points to growing recognition by the Wehrmacht that the game is up; but, even when Berlin falls, resistance on a considerable scale may continue. The division of the enemy's Western Command into two—with Kesselring in charge of Bavaria and von Busch responsible for organising a last stand in Holland and the Wasserkante ports—indicates that serious operations may yet have to be undertaken even before the hard core of S.S. fanatics (including 100,000 Dutch, Belgian and Balt S.S. mercenaries) are contained in their last Redoubt. With the enemy still resisting in Italy, Courland, Denmark and Norway, a declaration that the war in Europe had ended would be premature.

Nevertheless, it is fair to say that the end of one phase of the uncompleted war is imminent. Though the course of the Russian offensive begun from Oder bridgeheads and across the Neisse has not been fully disclosed as we write, there is every reason to suppose that within a short time the massed forces of Marshals Zhukov and Koniev will have dealt the *coup de grâce* to the German armies deployed between Rostock and Dresden. That done, and a firm junction effected between the Eastern and Western Allies, what remains will be in the nature of a formidable, but routine, police operation, in which there will be less need for strategy than for well-devised propaganda backed by the threat of crushing air-bombardment. In the problem facing the Allies the emphasis will have shifted from strictly military planning of offensives to the gigantic tasks involved in the occupation of the greater part of Germany.

To-day, in the rear of the thrusting Allied spearheads from the West, are huge areas in which all authority has disappeared.. German administrators, national and local, have fled or died—sometimes at the hands of their infuriated compatriots. Allied military officers of the Civil Affairs Division of SHAEF have not had time to move up, nor are their numbers yet adequate for effective control. Millions of "displaced persons" are trekking homewards, living perforce on looted food; and millions more (including the great host of Russian "slave-workers") are being maintained in improvised camps where their food is being found by Allied requisitioning from German stocks. Farms, on which foreign labour was everywhere used, are being abandoned, untilled. From Rhine to Elbe stretches economic paralysis, with idle wheels in ruined factories, smashed communications and no houses for urban workers.

To argue that this is Germany's fitting punishment is beside the point. The reconstruction of the whole Continent depends on the Allies' ability to prevent the area between Rhine and Oder lapsing into economic and social anarchy. If Germany's industrial productivity is not, within prescribed limits, restored, the ravages of war in Europe will not be made good during the life of this generation; and if famine, as may well happen, stalks the defeated Reich next winter, starving and desperate recruits may be found as "werewolves" by Himmler's underground "Sicherheitsdienst" in numbers out of all proportion to the trivial guerrilla resistance which Goebbels is now trying to fan. So far, in London and Washington, the very idea of even minimal "rehabilitation" of Germany is taboo: it would arouse Russian suspicions of Western tenderness to Germans. We believe this to be a complete misconception of the Russian attitude, and we note with satisfaction that Ilya Ehrenburg's noisy Vansittartism has been sternly disavowed and rebuked by Alexandrov, publicity chief of the Central Committee of the Communist Party

The Russians are realists. They will insist on peace terms which are "tough" in the sense that they will provide without qualification for the security of the U.S.S.R. But Alexandrov significantly recalled Stalin's pronouncement that the German people, as distinct from the Hitlerites, must live and a German State survive. Despite the Polish deadlock, there is still a chance of Russian collaboration in the task of restoring order and production in Germany. The moot question is what is to be the machinery for collaboration. If nothing more is done than to establish the four Zones of Occupation, with Control Commissions representing the Allies functioning in each, and maintaining in Berlin uneasy diplomatic relations with their "opposite numbers," the outlook is dark. Apart from the fact that the personnel of the Western Allies' Commissions, drawn from Foreign Office and State Department, inspires little confidence, all experience in this war has shown that diplomatic channels are the worst ways of trying to get united Allied action. What is needed is an inter-Allied team of practical men with a definite job assigned to them for work-a-day execution.

Conscious of the danger lest the Allies may win the war, yet fail to cope with the ruins left in its train, Sir Arthur Salter has suggested in *The Times* that the principal Allied Governments should rapidly establish a Supreme Reconstruction Council with powers to formulate policy and to call upon the existing agencies—the Combined Supply Boards, U.N.R.R.A. and the military authorities—to execute it. This should be done, when possible; but action is required to-day, not the day after to-morrow, and action to stay the spread of economic chaos on the Continent can only be taken at present by an agency under the authority of the Allied High Commands—Western and Eastern combined. What we should like to see, when General Eisenhower meets his Russian *confrères*, is an agreement to merge Russian with (greatly strengthened) Anglo-American Civil Affairs Divisions of the Staff, and to set them to work, pending high-level decisions on the future shape and government of Germany, on the urgent tasks of dealing with the millions of displaced and homeless persons, of stimulating food production, restoring transport and beginning the colossal task of reconstruction.

## The Dominions and San Francisco

The Conference of the Dominions which met in London last week to consider the Dumbarton Oaks draft had some important amendments before it. There was a general desire for the addition of a preamble in which some attempt should be made to define civil rights as understood in civilised States. It is not proposed, however, to make any rash or perilous use of this edifying statement—for example, to exclude from membership such Fascist States as Argentina and Brazil. In the second place, New Zealand has called attention (as we did last week) to the fact that the veto with which Great Powers are armed applies to any amendment of the United Nations' Constitution. It is rarely easy in any circumstances to amend an international constitution, but was it really necessary to entrench the privileged Great Powers behind this double barrier? It is as good as saying that we shall have to endure for all time the absolute domination at present conferred on the Great Powers. Finally, Canada asks that certain privileges, including the right to further representation on the Security Council, be conferred on Powers of the second rank. Any change that lessens the ascendancy of the Great Powers may be salutary, but there are better ways of doing it than Canada has proposed. One Power cannot "represent" another, so that we doubt whether the category of middle-sized Powers would really gain much if two or three of them had a permanent right to sit, whether by choice or in rotation, on the Council. The true line of advance is to abandon the fiction of sovereign equality in the Assembly and to assign to each delegation a number of seats roughly corresponding to its resources and population, taken together. The Assembly might then elect a consultative council, not of Governments or States, but of individuals, which would be truly representative.

## The Reaction in Greece

Having secured the resignation of General Plastiras, the Greek Royalists are now taking very little trouble to conceal their systematic preparations for the return of King George. The campaign against former E.A.M. supporters has been extended to the victimisation of even the most moderate and respected public figures who are suspected of Democratic or Republican sympathies. The new National Guard, in spite of past pledges of fair recruitment, is largely composed of ex-members of the Security Battalions and the forces of General Zervas. It is now being used to "clean up" the country with the help of British troops, and is, in fact, arranging a Royalist reaction. Any elections held in the near future would be farcical. The confusion caused by occupation, liberation, civil war and large movements of population, make it impossible even to draw up fair and adequate electoral lists. Add to that the continued detention of many anti-Royalists and the terror against their supporters, and it is clear that the stage is being set for a repetition of the 1935 plebiscite—the memory of which was one of the chief causes of E.A.M. suspicion last December. This is the disastrous situation which British intervention in Greece has produced. Before our coming the vast majority of Greeks longed for peace, bread and a broadly based democracy in which to live. They trusted their British liberators to secure these for them. Aided by the mistakes of E.L.A.S. Mr. Churchill tipped the balance in favour of a small, violent reactionary minority. The pendulum is now swinging to the Right; the hands of the clock are moving towards a renewed civil war for which much of the responsibility will be his.

## Trieste

Marshal Tito, in a public speech, has now officially laid claim to Trieste in the name of Yugoslavia. This is a complicated case that will test the statesmanship of Europe. The population of the city is pretty solidly Italian. But its rural hinterlands, Gorizia and Istria, are mainly peopled by Slav peasants. Italy's record of rule over an alien population was as discreditable here as it was in the Tirol, and this is true not only of the Fascist period but of the pre-Fascist era also. In view of the past, then, it seems inevitable, since city and hinterland cannot easily be separated, that both should fall to Yugoslavia. But Trieste is more significant as a port and railway terminus than as a city. It serves as the only outlet to southern seas that Austria and Czechoslovakia possess, and it is, with Fiume, vital also to Hungary. Under whatever flag it is placed, the chief thing to secure is that it shall be a free port, developed and administered for the service of these three landlocked States. The parallel of Danzig may lead everyone to be shy in such a case of international solutions. As a minimum, we suggest that the docks and sidings should be under a Board drawn largely from these States. The people should be guaranteed their democratic municipality and the use of the Italian language. Subject to these qualifications, Marshal Tito's claim should be accepted.

## Election Signposts

The Labour defeat at Motherwell and Sir John Orr's victory in the Scottish Universities contest are interesting General Election "pointers," but should not be given too much weight. Motherwell is a notoriously unstable constituency, with a strong bloc of Irish voters to complicate matters. Probably few Tory or Liberal National electors turned out to support the Labour candidate, and a good many voted to defeat him. Parliament looked ridiculous when it insisted that Dr. McIntyre should not be seated until he had complied with traditional procedure. As Aneurin Bevan pointed out, the attempt to qualify the right of a constituency to choose anyone it desires flies in the face of both reason and constitutional theory. Moreover, the lesson of the Wilkes and Bradlaugh incidents is that when Parliament has set itself against a constituency in this fashion it has ultimately had to withdraw. This, as *The Times* correctly insists, is a matter of principle as much as policy, though Dr. McIntyre lost his point of principle when he climbed down and accepted sponsors. All this has given first-class publicity to the extreme Nationalists. The more moderate and sensible demand for Home Rule—in the sense of administrative devolution—is likely to suffer some embarrassment as a result. In the Universities contest Sir John Orr, standing as an Independent, won by a thumping majority, and was evidently backed by Progressives of every shade of opinion. University seats are, no doubt, exceptional; but Transport House would do well to take note that a decisive "Left" victory has been won by a candidate who, bearing no Party label, was felt to stand for Progressive unity.

## Treacherous Milk

Last week's debate in the House of Lords on milk supplies ended with a disturbing admission by Lord Listowel, on the Government's behalf: British dairy cattle, he said, are "riddled with disease" and "appalling damage" has been done to the health of thousands of children. Lord Bledisloe, who initiated the debate, had drawn attention to the facts that milk consumption in this country is still little more than half a pint daily per head, as compared with a pre-war consumption of well over a pint in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Switzerland and the U.S.A.; that 200 million gallons a year are lost through bovine diseases other than tuberculosis; that only one British herd in nine is "attested" as free from tuberculosis; and that over the whole country the incidence of bovine tuberculosis is 40 per cent., as compared with 0.5 per cent. in the U.S.A. and 2 per cent. in Canada. It is clear from these figures that, quantitatively and qualitatively, British milk production is in need of drastic overhaul. Without boiling or pasteurisation, "bulked" milk is about as safe for young children as strychnine. Larger bonuses for attested herds, ampler State inspection and veterinary services, the imposition of a veto on sales of calves of tuberculous or untested cows—these and other steps are urgently needed. But, in addition, the fact has to be faced that much of the nation's milk is produced on small, under-capitalised farms whose owners have neither the knowledge nor the equipment to preserve a reasonable standard of cleanliness.

## Mr. Foot's Second Thoughts

The mine-owners have now been given Mr. Foot's revised proposals for the reorganisation of their industry, together with a draft constitution for the Central Board which is intended to control it. But the original criticisms of the scheme have not been met on any fundamental point. The suggestion that Parliament should set up an independent "arbitral tribunal" looks very well on paper: but would it ever be able really to exercise the long list of financial, technical and judicial powers with which it would be endowed, especially as it is intended to work only retrospectively? Mr. Foot, moreover, has not yielded even to the moderate proposal that there should be representatives of other groups than the mine-owners on the Central Board. One issue for the public is that of efficiency; in face of the Reid report it would seem a little difficult for Mr. Foot to maintain his belief that the industry is "efficiently conducted with full regard for economy." The miners, who turned down the original scheme with a bang, are no more satisfied with the patched-up version. Quite rightly, they believe that the mines of this country can no longer be operated effectively under private ownership.

## Inside the Asylum

Since the publication of an article entitled *Inside the Asylum* in our issue of March 10th, we have received a steady stream of letters from those who have first-hand knowledge of mental institutions in this country to-day. We have been able to publish only a small selection; a few have given evidence of excellent treatment and administration in some institutions, mainly, apparently, privately run. The great majority have supported the allegations of the original writer's article. No one who has read these letters could doubt that they are written by sane persons, and that, taken together, they amount to an extremely serious indictment. They contain accusations of violence or neglect by the staff, and these and other charges are in some degree confirmed by doctors and nurses who work in these institutions. They agree that complaints seldom receive adequate attention; they are readily dismissed as the inventions of neurotic or insane persons. A correspondent this week urges an important suggestion upon the Board of Control about the function of official Visitors. The main criticism, however, is that there is neither proper psychiatric treatment nor any serious effort to segregate different types of mental illness. How far are these defects the result of shortage of staff during the war, and how can they most speedily be remedied? The Board of Control is apt to escape the check of the Parliamentary question. Clearly, it is time to inquire into the whole question of mental treatment. We well remember the shock caused by that admirable and truthful novel of H. G. Wells entitled *Christina Alberta's Father*. That was published about twenty years ago. Our correspondence suggests that the abuses described there still exist in many, though by no means all, mental institutions in this country, and that the public, the press and Parliament have too easily forgotten the cause of the most unfortunate and helpless section of the population.

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## PARLIAMENT: Scots Wha Hae . . .

*Wednesday*

PARLIAMENT'S most hardened and adept publicity-seekers viewed with admiring envy the feat of Dr. McIntyre, the newly-elected Scottish Nationalist Member for Motherwell, who, in a House crowded to capacity for the Roosevelt tribute, contrived to hold up business for some three-quarters of an hour by coming forward to take his seat without the customary two sponsors. It seems likely that he did not intend to raise quite so violent a storm: he was understood to have two possible sponsors lurking just off-stage, for use if he were rejected at his first attempt; but this first attempt itself precipitated a situation that he could hardly back out of. There was certainly nothing "stern and wild" about this Caledonian as he stood—uneasy, mum, and sulky-looking—before the Table while Mr. Speaker, in his most headmasterly manner, catechised him and insisted on "Yes" or "No" for an answer. (Hansard missed some of this exchange, but has on record, perhaps for the first time, words uttered within the Chamber by a Member who had not taken his seat.)

It was Geordie Buchanan who rushed in to champion the right of the people of Motherwell to have their elected spokesman in the House, sponsors or no. It was pointed out that the original purpose of the sponsors was to guarantee the new Member's identity—which could be proved in this case without them. Mr. Speaker's position was that he was bound by the rules and precedents of the House. The Prime Minister himself intervened, to uphold "ancient tradition and custom." Mr. Sloan got involved in an argument about kilts, and opined that the need for sponsors was "rather prurient." Aneurin Bevan said, "Whenever there has been a conflict in British constitutional history between the privileges and usages of the House and the right of the constituents to elect a person to it, the right of those constituents has always prevailed. . . ."

The House thereupon voted on the question "That the said Order and Custom be dispensed with on this occasion." For: 74; against: 273. Among those voting Aye were Vernon Bartlett, Tom Fraser, Lady Megan Lloyd George, Arthur Greenwood, Brigadier Maclean, Pethick-Lawrence, Pritt, Captain W. T. Shaw, Shinwell, Lord C. Crichton-Stuart, Arthur Woodburn, and Group-Captain Wright—an interestingly-assorted lobby. Winterton, the arch-stickler, could not resist a parting shot at the Member still beyond the Bar; and Buchanan ironically asked the Speaker if he couldn't oblige Winterton by having this unspeakable Scot executed.

In all the hubbub it was hardly noticed that Sir John Boyd Orr—a great acquisition to the House—made affirmation instead of taking the oath.

The Prime Minister's panegyric on Roosevelt was mercifully brief and sole. Whereas, in his tribute to Lloyd George a few weeks earlier, he had stressed the social reformer rather than the war leader, on this occasion he was mourning a wartime colleague and did not allude to the New Deal.

The San Francisco discussion lacked the tension of a real debate. Its tone was set by Attlee's unexceptionable but crashing "The fact that we are realists must not prevent us from being idealists." Beveridge competed with Attlee in daringly original metaphor: "The scales of Justice are vain without her sword." As is usual in a debate on this kind of subject, Harold Nicolson made what was by common consent the best speech of the day. He recalled a question put to Robert by Hugh Cecil: "Will your League work?"—and Robert's reply: "Think again, Hugh. Does a spade work?" On the whole, Nicolson's view of the prospects for international justice seemed gloomy; too gloomy, said Dick Law, in a competent winding-up speech.

PONTIFEX MINOR

# GUILT AND NON-FRATERNISATION

HAVING assembled the villagers of Ohrdurf, near Gotha, round the mutilated bodies of some eighty foreign prisoners found shot or starved in the near-by concentration camp which had been overrun by American troops, Colonel Haydon Sears is reported to have told them: "Now you know why we will never be your friends; why we will always hate you; why we will always be your enemies." He added that this was the work of men whom the German people put in power and that, therefore, we must hold the German people responsible. The villagers are said to have stared at the colonel in blank incomprehension, asserting that they had had no idea of what had been going on just outside their village; that it was the work of a small minority of S.S. men who, naturally, had fled; and that it did not indicate the real feelings of the German people.

This scene is apparently typical of what is occurring almost every day as camp after camp and prison after prison are captured and opened by the Allies. At Celle the Allied officer, this time an Englishman, refrained from making a speech, but ordered the citizens to provide bath-tubs, towels, and pyjamas for the freed prisoners, to bathe them, to carry them on stretchers to hospital, and to clean out the filthy camp. The British soldiers were seized with fury; their one desire, at that moment, the correspondent says, was to lift their guns and "kill those calm, correct Nazis who had permitted this thing." But again the citizens, under whose very eyes, ears and noses this horror had been going on for years, showed themselves totally incapable of understanding why this humiliation was inflicted upon them: they claimed that they had known nothing about it and could not be held responsible for it. The four gentlemanly directors of the Zeiss optical works captured at Jena, 15 miles from Buchenwald concentration camp (where the majority of the prisoners were German fellow-citizens) professed to know only by name the camp whose horrible fame has travelled round the globe. They claimed to have had no knowledge of what went on there, adding pompously: "We were too busy making things to concern ourselves with politics."

The problem of "good" and "bad" Germans and of re-educating Germany after her defeat, discussed with so much academic fervour in this country during the past five years, thus emerges at last in its true proportions and in all its complexities. It turns out very different from the visions of those who thought that by insisting on a "hard peace" and agitating against "Anglo-Saxon softness" they had the matter solved.

Experience now shows that it is infinitely more tangled than had been foreseen even by those who from the outset had warned against sweeping, over-simplified solutions on the grounds that they were unrealistic and unworkable. But where, in the face of this astonishing Germany which now opens up before the Allies, does one find even the elementals of an approach to a solution which promises to be realistic and workable? It appears that behind the smooth, friendly, complacent surface presented by an occupied civilian Germany, which insists that it is not responsible for the deeds of its regime and shows itself anxious to be co-operative and friendly, lies not the blankness of a psychological and, therefore, political vacuum but a maze of bewildering intricacy. It is as necessary for the Germans to find their way out of it, as it is for Allied soldiers not to lose themselves in it.

The American colonel spoke, of course, the truth. He and his men will not, and should not, forget what they have seen. Nor will the British officer at Celle and his men forget. They acted with admirable control and intelligence when they taught the civilians in the area, whether they knew of these horrors or not, that they have passively or actively a share in the responsibility for the atrocities of Nazidom. We are all in some degree responsible for what is done by our Government, even if it is a Fascist Government and our crime is mainly passivity. But it is clear that the world outside has never quite realised just how doped and passive these people were. It will have done them a little good to have cleaned out a filthy concentration camp. But they will still say, no doubt truly, that none of them could have done anything effective about the concentration camps. Some will even say that they knew little or nothing about it. They will be right, but only because they closed their minds to facts they could not face. Apart from the fanatical Nazis and the small group of fanatical anti-Nazis, the German people has progressively turned into a nation of psychological hermit crabs. Its protective shell has been its "ignorance," which was partly an ignoring of unpalatable facts and partly a refusal to accept responsibilities which, if taken seriously, meant resistance and danger of death.

What are we to do to restore these people's sense of responsibility? If one agrees that the solution must be sought elsewhere than in the primitive non-fraternisation formula, one thing becomes clear. It is little use insisting to the Germans that Allied soldiers cannot and must not fraternise with them, as long as they are not told why, and are not given a very full, irrefutable and unarguable answer. In other words, they must be given full chapter and verse on why the entire civilised world at present hates and despises them; an immediate start must be made with re-educating them. But how can one hope successfully to re-educate a people without establishing first some sort of a common ground even of superficial daily association? Defeat and occupation give them their physical lesson. Now the spiritual lesson must follow. And this lesson will never sink in if the teaching is given exclusively by victorious troops to people officially defined as "untouchables." What good can come of a non-fraternisation order, which is said to have been defined by an American commander who told his troops that they might spend the night with a German girl but must not stay for breakfast?

It is clear from all reports that the primary necessity for the average German is to re-learn the last twelve years of world history. There is little hope of getting their moral and ethical outlook back into correct focus until they have grasped the basic material truths of the present issue. Practically every German is convinced that Britain and France had no business to meddle in the Polish conflict. When told that Britain did no more than honour a contractual pledge, just as Germany did towards Austria in 1914, the answer is a blank stare. The parallel had not occurred to them. Every German asks indignantly: "Why did America attack us?" The truth is that he has never been told that Hitler declared war on the United States. Most Germans are convinced that Britain, France and the U.S.A. armed and plotted for years for this war against Germany. When asked how it is that a Britain, supposed to be bristling with arms, lost its entire army and entire armaments in a few weeks, the answer is invariably: "Well, Hitler perceived the danger soon enough, we caught up with you, and for the rest we were simply the better soldiers." The same with Russia. How was it possible that this Russia which, they believe, was poised to pounce on Germany with overwhelming might, was almost knocked out in the first round? The answer is the same: "We were the better soldiers." Fierce indignation is invariably uttered at the suggestion that Germans may have to go and repair the damage done in foreign countries. When told that they, the Germans, did the same with 12 million foreign slaves, the ingenious answer is: "Yes; but who could know at that time that things would turn out this way?"

Here, it seems, we may have grasped a corner of the basic problem. The common German misconception appears to be that they had a right to expect that they would win the war and get away with it; that if they had won, no one would have brought all these accusations against them; and that therefore these accusations are wrong and not justified now. In other words, had they known they would lose this war, they would not have started it. Which sounds like sense but isn't. What we have to wrestle with in our attempts to sort out Nazis from anti-Nazis,

"good" Germans from "bad" Germans, those with whom one may have a drink or stay for breakfast and those with whom one may not, is the popular (but by no means universally German) contention that it is not inherently wrong to start a war, but that it is very wrong to lose it. Very few Germans to-day feel that we have a right to punish them for having brought this scourge over the world. What is in their eyes unforgivable is to be the losers. Since that is now clearly their situation, they feel they have received already all the punishment they deserve, and the Allies have no right to demean them any further, by refusing to speak or shake hands with them.

What are the conclusions? The non-fraternisation order will have to be revised. There are several reasons. Many people think that it is a "hard" policy for Germany, and that the issue involved is between being tender or tough to the Germans. Nothing of the sort. In fact, non-fraternisation has precisely the opposite of the intended effect. It helps the Nazis, who still plot for the future. When the Allies entered Aachen, for example, since all Germans were to be considered on the same footing and since some Germans had to be put into administrative positions, the Allies "fraternised" with the Bishop of Aachen, a very doubtful character, and appointed to executive posts Germans who proved on later examination to have very bad records. Some of them were actually Nazis and their appointments were eventually cancelled. We still, however, fraternise with the Bishop of Aachen, who lives in almost the only house in the town which has windows and a roof.

This will happen in every German city the Alllies reach unless there is an intelligent policy of discrimination, and a determined effort by competent German-speaking persons to discover with which Germans we ought to be friendly, and which we ought to treat either as criminals or as accessories to the crime. The second reason is that unless we are prepared deliberately to "demoralise" the Allied troops, non-fraternisation is impossible. At present it is not clear whether rape is a crime to be punished by death, or whether it should be classified as fraternisation, for which the penalty is a fine, or non-fraternisation, which is a laudable act. It is intolerable that every worst element in the American and British armies should be given the support of authority, while the decent normal American or British soldier should be told that he is committing an offence if he has self-respecting social relations with a German girl.

The first task of our troops in occupied Germany is to maintain order and all that this implies. It is in itself a colossal job. It should be made as easy and not as difficult as possible for them. The ban on fraternisation makes its execution administratively impossible without helping one single inch towards the recivilising of Germany. But there is a further point. Whether they fraternise or not, Allied troops cannot avoid playing a part in the "re-education" of Germany. Their every action will be watched by Germans as representative of the democratic way of life in the countries from which they come. If what they see is a positive policy of non-fraternisation and loot, they will draw a disastrous conclusion.

# MR. ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR

A WEEK has passed since President Roosevelt died like Lincoln by a sudden stroke of fate in the hour of victory. The news shocked the whole world, but it compelled us all to realise that this unusual man had become for us America. In slump and prosperity, in peace and in war for more than twelve years he had governed the Republic. He had used to the full the powers of initiative and decision with which the Constitution entrusts a President who dares to use them. In his mind was focussed first of all the impulse to seek new paths and a new conception of government reflected in the New Deal, and his was the intelligence that controlled and inspired a war effort unparalleled in human history. Who, moreover, was it but he who guided and set the pace of the long, slow movement of opinion that has finally brought his people out of their isolation? Rarely, if ever, in history has any one man wielded such power in a democracy and done it, never as a dictator, but always as a leader of opinion, who survived four gruelling tests at the polls.

We knew at once what had happened when we heard of the world's loss. It had had three leaders, and now there were only two. Destiny had willed it that three exceptional men should stand in this war at the head of the three Great Powers. Sharply contrasted though these characters were, and diverse though their sources of authority might be, they each summed up in this struggle the nations behind them, and each was a unique and self-assured personality. When Mr. Roosevelt died, we knew that the same millions of American workers and soldiers would still stand at their benches and their guns, but the nation whose face and voice we knew had suddenly become an impersonal ant-hill. We doubted, perhaps unfairly, whether Senator Truman was of the stature to fill the dead President's place. Popular and amiable he might be, but could he stand as an equal beside Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin? What, if that were so, would the consequences be for the relationship of the three Powers, and therefore for world history?

This first impression was based on too narrow a conception of leadership. A leader may be the exceptional man who stands a head taller than the crowd; but he may also be the typical man who represents it, because he belongs to it. The Democratic Party may have had this in mind when it chose Senator Truman as a foil to the late President. It did not want another exceptional personality in its team, and so it rejected Mr. Wallace. The contrast between its two chosen candidates was perfect. Mr. Roosevelt came of an old and wealthy Dutch family of the Hudson Valley, which had already produced a brilliant President; a graduate of Harvard, he had served his apprenticeship in politics both at the Navy Department and as Governor of New York State. Mr. Truman was a simple farmer from the Deep South, a stranger to any university, whose most notable public service, before he was elected Senator, was that he had been a good regimental officer in the last war. In the intimate club-life of the Senate, which has only 96 members, his modesty and geniality made him popular, and he got his chance as chairman of the committee that investigated the finance and the blueprints of the war effort.

There stands out in our memory its bold exposure in 1941 of the perilous inadequacy of the accepted estimates for the expansion of steel and aluminium production. This involved a frontal attack on the restrictionist policy of two of the greatest powers on the American continent, the Steel Trust and the aluminium monopoly. The reasoning of this report was unanswerable, but it called for moral courage as well as a clear head. If he lacks the imaginative insight of Mr. Wallace, Mr. Truman was none the less a steady supporter of the New Deal, though he never tilted against the conservative machine-politicians of his native South. It is a probable guess that this man, because he was what Mr. Roosevelt had never been, a trusted and popular member of the Senate, may contrive to manage that proud and jealous House rather more easily than the late President. That is of good omen for the future of the Security Organisation that will emerge from the San Francisco Conference—at the mercy of one Senator in three. As for the "common man," he may feel that this President who came up from "the grass roots" is in a new sense his representative. His manner of addressing it was tested in Monday's broadcast.

But how will it stand with foreign policy? Mr. Roosevelt, like other Americans of the leisured class, was at home in Europe long before he went to the White House. Mr. Truman claims no knowledge of this subject, and has had no experience. Here, then, he will have to rely on others, and it seems that he has adopted Mr. Byrnes as his adviser. His first act in this field has been happy. He instantly requested Stalin to reverse his decision to cold-shoulder the San Francisco Conference by sending to it no delegate of the first rank. Stalin met the friendly appeal at once, and Mr. Molotov will head the Russian delegation. That means, we earnestly hope, that the anxious Polish question will cease to poison Russo-American relations. Its solution would do more than anything else to ensure the safe passage of the Security Treaty, for the Senate will underwrite the peace of our continent only if it feels that it can trust America's two chief European partners. As yet Stalin and Mr. Truman have never met. They have, none the less, exchanged across the Atlantic a pledge of good will that points to a cordial relationship.

This is no moment for anticipating difficulties. Mr. Truman will have to lead a Cabinet which includes several men who surpass him in talent and experience. Happily, the most distinguished of them, Mr. Wallace, is incapable of an egoistic motive. On his side, Mr. Truman will find in his kindly modesty his best protection. Whether he can avoid the risks of dual control over foreign affairs the future will show. The State Department, under Mr. Stettinius, once the head of Mr. Truman's old adversary the Steel Trust, may not find it easy to disentangle its responsibilities from those conferred on Mr. Byrnes. The picture that emerges is of a popular foreign policy, freed to a great extent from professionalism. Let us hope that our own Foreign Office will adapt itself easily to this new departure; we anticipate that the Kremlin will. What is of even greater importance, we expect that it will carry with it the average American citizen, who has a deep distrust of professionals. America, in her course through world affairs, may possibly move less boldly and less rapidly than before. But she will move, we judge, more consistently as a solid unit, with her President acting rather as the mouthpiece of Congress than as a leader in his own right.

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. I. Thomas.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.2.**

Referring to Alderman Tiptaft's statement that Dr. C. E. M. Joad had declared his intention of getting drunk on V-Day, Alderman Lewis said he was very glad to know that Dr. Joad was not a Birmingham man.—Report of meeting of City Council in *Birmingham Mail*.

Great Yarmouth Town Council decided to name each road on a new housing estate after a flowering tree or shrub and invited suggestions. When the ideas arrived they included "Ceanothus" and "Escallonia," and others, which none of the councillors could pronounce.

The council decided that only varieties with easy names, such as a lost child could pronounce, would be approved.—*Evening Standard*.

Preparatory Victory Dance.—Advt. in *St. Austell Guardian*.

Two smart girls; one able to bend a little; good wages.—Advt. in *Edinburgh Evening News*.

It is distasteful to me to have to hold my hand in a position resembling the Nazi salute when hailing a bus.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

# A LONDON DIARY

A FRIEND tells me of an interesting talk he has had with the building expert who has come to this country to supervise the assemblage of the 30,000 pre-fabricated houses which are being sent here from the U.S.A. Two thousand of these houses, the American told him, had already been erected for the Tennessee Valley Authority. The houses were built in advance in three parts complete in every detail; complete, that is to say, in regard to plumbing, central heating and wiring for electricity; complete, even, with furniture. The various components, including the furniture, were made in factories nearly 400 miles away from the actual T.V.A. site, assembled in a factory adjacent to the place of manufacture, and the three parts—outside, inside, outside, the house being divided vertically in slices—were then transported 370 miles in three lorries and driven to the site where the parts were fitted together in a few hours. Compare this with the arrangements for pre-fabricated houses hitherto contemplated in this country which involve the assemblage not of three, but of 2,200 separate components on the site. My friend made the obvious point that the saving of time, money and labour involved in the American method was prodigious. I am not surprised to hear that he is now preparing to adopt similar methods here.

* * *

Incidentally, the same American revealed a surprising fact about these new pre-fabricated American houses. Owing to shortages—shortage of time, labour and materials—most of these are built without certain features which have usually been considered essential in a house; in particular, doors for cupboards, doors between rooms—there is apparently just an open gap—and baths. The 30,000 pre-fabricated houses which the Americans are sending us—the first batch will probably have arrived by the time these notes appear—have all the usual features. The Americans, I was told, are not unnaturally a little piqued that they should have to go without amenities which are apparently considered essential for the English. For my part, I could not avoid a certain amused satisfaction at seeing the boot for once on the other foot.

* * *

In Kenwood, on Hampstead Heath, the daffodils this year have made a splendid show. I don't know, indeed, when they have looked better or lasted longer. There they are, great sheets of them, growing on grass slopes under the trees, at once a delight and a temptation to the hundreds of citizens who have passed by admiring them. So, at least, one would have thought; but if any were tempted few succumbed. Although they were entirely unprotected by fencing, very few have been picked—not half a dozen at most, the keeper assured me, during the whole season; so, not even on Good Friday or Easter Monday, when people came in great numbers, many of them unused to the ways of the Heath. Nor is the survival of the daffodils due to excess of precaution, the depleted number of keepers available being quite insufficient to watch and protect all the areas.

Is this, I wonder, a sign of better manners, for I find it difficult to believe that unprotected daffodils would have survived in such a public place twenty years ago, especially at present prices? If it is, the point has a bearing on the question of the restoration of the railings in the London squares and in Municipal Parks all over the country. Railings in squares are demanded partly on the ground that in their absence the grass is trodden out of existence, most of the flowers are picked and many uprooted. The Kenwood daffodils certainly afford encouragement to those who say you can trust to people's decency and good taste.

* * *

If I suggest three considerations which throw doubt on the view that the æsthetic millennium is immediately around the corner, the fact does not mean that I want the railings back.

First, then, those who walk on the Heath and look at the daffodils are probably better off and better educated than most. You could see that this was so by comparing them with the milling crowds at the Fair. A bull point this for education; it has the effect, apparently, of causing people to prefer daffodils to roundabouts.

Secondly, I believe that it is the comparative paucity of numbers that saves the flowers. Here hundreds pass where in a London square there would be thousands. If the hundreds were thousands, the flowers would not survive. A bull point this in favour of a smaller population.

Thirdly, the *immediate* effect of removing restrictions is that people feel impelled to take advantage of the removal. The *immediate* effect of taking down railings is that flowers disappear. The Kenwood case—there have never been any railings here—makes one doubt if the immediate is the same as the long-term effect. My guess is that people will not learn to behave well, until they have been given and taken the chance to behave badly. A bull point this for trusting people in the long run.

* * *

I suppose it was because it was Easter Sunday that the village church was full of soldiers—or, perhaps, they go every Sunday? There they were, anyway, filing in their hundreds into the church between two ranks of officers drawn up in the porch and glaring stiffly over the soldiers' heads. The military swamped the church to such an extent that the few civilian regulars, "the same handful of the aged and the very young," as Sidney Dark recently called them, were all squeezed up into corners. Three rows of large men were relegated to pews inscribed on the outside "For Children," while I myself suffered the embarrassment of trying to sit in a seat reserved for officers and being dispossessed by a sergeant. We had presumably assembled to thank God for victory. We began by singing from Psalm 16:

> All my delight is upon the saints, that are in the earth; and upon such as excel in virtue.

I wondered very much whether this was true as a description of our states of mind.

> But they that run after another god (we went on) shall have great trouble.
>
> Their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer; neither make mention of their names within my lips.

True, I supposed, but remote.

Unfortunately, however, neither I nor, so far as I could see, any of the soldiers could sing the Psalms nor the Te Deum nor the Benedictus, the chants being pitched too high for us. I suppose that the churches have grown so used to being attended by women and young children that they habitually choose chants that only the voices of women and young children can compass.

* * *

The officer in charge then gave us, in a strong Canadian accent, careful instruction as to the choosing of lambs without blemish for the Passover and an injunction, in the event of our families being too small to consume a whole lamb, on the importance of joining with our neighbours in order to avoid waste. We then affirmed our belief in the Communion of Saints and the Resurrection of the Body, after which the parson told us in his sermon that we must be "born again of the Spirit." No doubt.

We then sang:

> Christ the Lord is risen again
> Hark! Angelic voices cry,
> Singing evermore on high,
> Allelujah.

Immediately after this we finished off with the first verse of God Save the King which was loudly sung by the soldiers.

* * *

The *mélange* left me pensive. What purpose, I wondered, was served by pressing agnostics, just because they have been conscribed to fight Germans, to go to church and say they believed in the Resurrection of the Body and the Communion of Saints and, incidentally, in "good will to all men," including, presumably, the Germans? Was any useful object promoted? I thought not. Was the cause of religion served? I thought certainly not. What, again, was the connection between what we were doing and saying and the real, live world outside? What, for example, the relation of the seats reserved for officers to the spirit of Jesus; of the instructions for the choosing of the Passover lamb to the wishes and thoughts of the men; of the injunction to be born again of the Spirit to the problems of the world after the war? Very few I know go to church. Those who do seem to take the whole astonishing business very much for granted. I wish I could emulate their incuriosity; instead I found myself submerged by the familiar tide of forbidden questions.

* * *

Flowers, for some reason or other, seem to thrive in railway cuttings, and the banks of this one were carpeted with primroses, violets and anemones. We came out to a view over a field to a copse where every tree wore a different shade of green and round their trunks sheets of daffodils grew out of the grass. The spring, in fact, was blazing and shouting at us. At the last station three children had got in. They spoke. The first one said, "Look at that car"; the second, "There is a tractor, daddy"; the third, "That aeroplane isn't really going fast."

The nineteenth century talked much of original moral sin, but original æsthetic sin was never mentioned. I wonder why? For, emphatically, we do not love the highest when first we see it.

C. E. M. JOAD

[Critic, bound for San Francisco, will be away for several weeks.]

## THEY DON'T SHOOT FOXES

*Von Papen has been captured in the Ruhr. He was discovered at dinner in a shooting box, dressed in Tyrolean costume.* News item.

WHAT was he doing down there in the Ruhr,
When they wiped up the last Ruhr pocket?
Why did he send his Army scouts
To give the huntsmen his whereabouts
How did they take the Third Reich fox
Sitting at ease in a shooting-box?
And why did he fail to lock it?

What was he waiting for there in the Ruhr,
So far from the werewolves' glen?
Are werewolves' mountains perhaps less safe
Than foxes' quarters supplied by SHAEF?
Are foxes better behind the front?
And did old Reynard invite the hunt
To track him down to his den?

He heard the rat-hunt all round the Ruhr,
So why did he not withdraw?
Why did he wait in embroidered shorts,
So far from the scene of Tyrol sports?
Because he knew that a diplomat
Especially in a Tyrol hat,
Escapes the fate of a wolf or rat
By international law.

Will werewolves shortly invest the Ruhr
In mobile shooting-boxes?
Resembling Foxes more or less
In Tyrolean Fancy dress
And wind the Alpine hunting horn
The huntsmen and the hounds to warn?
The fox knows best how to save his skin,
He calls the hunt with a foxy grin
The running werewolf is shot at sight
But the fox is safe if he just sits tight—
The werewolves howl but the fox keeps cool,
The Junker fox knows the huntsman's rule
And huntsmen don't shoot foxes.

SAGITTARIUS

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# COLONIES AT SAN FRANCISCO

ONE of the conspicuous gaps in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals was the absence of any reference to Colonies. Yet it was clear that something would have to be done about the ex-enemy Colonies—Libya, Tripoli, Eritrea, the Japanese-Mandated Islands in the Pacific. And what was to become of the ex-enemy Colonies of the last war, which have been a trust of the League of Nations under the Mandates system? Will the World Council take over these special responsibilities of the League? Or will Britain and France and Belgium merely annex their Mandates in spite of the fine phrases of the Atlantic Charter? At Yalta these matters were secretly discussed. The Americans are said to have favoured some general scheme of "international trusteeship" for *all* dependent territories, and are anxious to see the machinery for this set up at San Francisco. Mr. Churchill, on the other hand, has stated in Parliament that the position of the British Colonies will *not* be considered—it is only a question of the ex-enemy Colonies of this and the last war. The French agree heartily—they will not have the position of their empire interfered with, either. In this mood the Great Powers are approaching the San Francisco Conference.

There are two big questions here. Which Colonies are to be made a matter of international concern? And what machinery is to be created at San Francisco for this purpose? San Francisco will probably confine itself to the question of machinery, but decisions regarding individual territories cannot be postponed for ever. In the meantime we should at least know what we want. Can one set of Colonies be separated off and put under international trusteeship, while others remain the exclusive concern of their "mother-countries"? This would be a betrayal of what progressive thought has been advocating since 1918. When the Mandates system was introduced after the last war, it was hailed as a most significant step towards the recognition of an international conscience regarding backward lands. No longer were Colonies which had belonged to a defeated enemy to be handed over, like chattels, to the victors. They were to become "the sacred trust of civilisation"—civilisation being embodied for this purpose in the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League. Certain nations would be given a Mandate to administer these countries, but they would be accountable always to the League for the carrying-out of their trust. As early as 1918 the British and the international Socialist movement began to press that, if this principle were good in itself, it should be extended to all Colonies. If Britain had to account to the nations of the world for her behaviour in the Mandate of Tanganyika, why should she not account for her administration of adjoining Kenya? If the Cameroons were to be reported on annually at Geneva, why not neighbouring Nigeria? And when the Fascist dictators agitated for a return of their Colonies in the 1930's, advanced opinion countered by suggesting again that all Colonies not yet fit for self-government should be mandated and belong to *no* separate imperial Power.

As regards machinery, this body of opinion has pressed consistently for a strengthening of the Mandates system. In its existing form it was too negative. It could censure abuses; pour the light of publicity on to the less satisfactory features of the administration; lay down certain principles. But it had no executive power; it was not within its function to propose positive action; nor even to inspect conditions on the spot or receive grievances and petitions direct from the inhabitants. If the arrangements were to be extended and made really valuable, a greater positive force would have to be introduced into them.

While this was being argued out, the pressure of events was pushing in another direction. The Mandates system rested on certain idealistic concepts of the rights of dependent peoples, and the moral obligations of their administrators to account to "third-party judgment"; it had little to do with purely practical *ad hoc* needs. On this practical level a different type of international collaboration in colonial affairs was springing up. It was so obviously expedient for neighbouring Colonies, no matter under what European flag they were ruled, to collaborate in matters of transport, health, production, anti-soil-erosion, pest-control, labour organisation. During the war the need for trans-frontier arrangements became still more urgent; and, egged on by military necessity, regional organisations of different sorts have developed in different areas. There has been the Middle East Supply Council, the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission, the West African co-ordination under a Resident Minister—and many proposals for further arrangements which have not yet taken concrete form, such as the South Seas Regional Commission agreed upon by Australia and New Zealand, the Central African Council to be set up by Britain, Smuts' suggestions for a Council covering Southern Africa up to the Congo, the proposals for a Pacific Council adopted at an international conference in Quebec in 1942. The point about all these regional bodies, whether already existing or still only potential, is that they are strictly "realist" organisations, having nothing to do with accountability to an international conscience or any other "ideals." The one exception to this was the proposal for the Pacific Council outlined at Quebec. There it was suggested that the supervisory functions of the Mandates Commission should be carried out by regional organisations which would be nearer events on the spot. But this proposal has not been followed up in any of the later discussions.

A dangerous situation is now developing. Everyone admits that the old Mandates system did not go far enough; and everyone agrees that there is something valuable in the new, practical regional collaboration to better colonial conditions. But that is no good reason for jettisoning the first in favour of the second, as there now seems a tendency to do in influential British circles. Col. Stanley certainly gave this impression in New York last January, when he seemed to pour cold water on the Mandates and to plump for the new type of regional bodies. This drew forth a sharp protest from a group of influential American Liberals (including Sumner Welles), who asked if Britain was now in favour of annexing the former Mandates, and uttered a warning that regional organisation alone might lead to a division of the dependent world into new spheres of influence.

A clear principle is at stake. It either is, or is not, a good thing for imperial Powers to consider themselves "trustees for civilisation," and to account to the world for their colonial administration. If it is, it should apply to all Colonies, except those so near self-government (such as Ceylon and Jamaica) that no outside supervision could be tolerated. It is hypocrisy to proclaim yourself a trustee for civilisation in respect of one part of a tribe which happens to fall within a Mandate, and to be judge and jury in your own cause when it comes to the remainder of the same tribe which happens, through artificial frontier arrangements, to fall within a Colony! There should be no different treatment in this regard for ex-enemy Colonies than for one's own. This principle must be decided on its merits. On no account must it be confused with the quite different international arrangements within particular regions for collaborating in marketing crops, or building roads, or imposing quarantines. These regional organisations are on a different—and lower—level; and it would be a grave abatement of our ideals to think of them, for one instant, as a substitute for international accountability.

What is needed at San Francisco is the setting up of an International Colonial Commission as a subsidiary to the new World Authority. It should have a Convention or Charter of its own to set the standards by which it will work. It should have supervisory functions in regard to *all* dependent territories (always excepting those which are all but self-governing), and would thus become a powerful lever in levelling up the standards in more backward empires, such as the Portuguese. It should base itself on the principle of the accountability of the imperial Powers to the conscience of mankind and on the realisation that the world is "one world," that poverty, disease and low standards in one area infect the whole of human society. It should also have new powers to help positively in colonial advancement—through international loans, international co-ordination of research, international commodity controls, and so on. If, within this framework, some special arrangement or experiment is desired in regard to ex-enemy Colonies (there are rumours of an experiment in actual international administration—an exciting idea which has never yet been given a fair trial), well, there is always room for experiments. At the same time, there is an important place for international collaboration in practical affairs on the regional level—this is already going on with some success, and deserves every encouragement as a good thing in itself, and not as an alternative to international moral responsibility at the centre. Above all, let us not forget, in making these plans, that the real object of colonial policy is to end the colonial system—all the rest is a mere stop-gap.

RITA HINDEN

# IN TASHKENT

[The following is an extract from the Russian diary of John Parker, M.P., who was a member of the British Parliamentary delegation to the Soviet Union.]

*February 14.*—Arrived at Tashkent. Grown greatly since the war, it is a finely laid-out town of about one million inhabitants, of whom 40 per cent. are Uzbeks, 35-40 per cent. Russians and the rest other Central Asian peoples. Masses of trees have been planted everywhere, both along the public highways and in parks and in the citizens' gardens. Most of the inhabitants try to have a small self-made house and a garden with three or four fruit trees which they can sit under in the great heat of the summer. Water channels go everywhere to refresh these, and there is an elaborate system of control to see that they all get their right share of water. In the centre are the Government offices and some flats. The old town of mud huts and no gardens is rapidly being pulled down. A considerable amount of building is taking place despite the war, which feels very remote here.

We finished the day by visiting the local dignitaries. The chief here is Yusepov, who is the local boss, being secretary of the Uzbek Communist Party and chairman of the Uzbek Soviet. A man of 45, with completely clean-shaven head he looks like a benign Buddha. He gave the impression of remarkable drive and administrative ability.

*February 15.*—It is the twentieth anniversary of the Uzbek Republic (1925) following the reorganisation of Central Asia after the Revolution. We first, therefore, visited the exhibition organised to commemorate the event. It consisted mostly of the story of recent industrialisation. I was most interested in the big Fergana Canal, which had already been completed, and a scheme in prospect for running a canal from the Oxus through to the Jaxartes, with a branch back to Oxus from Bokhara. It was to be both a hydro-electric and an irrigation scheme—on the grand scale.

In the afternoon we visited the university and had an interesting talk with some of the professors and research students. The majority of teachers were now Uzbeks, although there were a considerable number of Russians. I had a chat with a Russian professor of mathematics who spoke English. After the Revolution he was sent to Tashkent, and had been on its staff ever since. He said that when the university opened they admitted practically any Uzbek who could read

and write and who wanted to come. The university was thus full from the beginning. As time went on, however, they had raised their standards.

*February 16.*—In the morning we motored out of the town to visit a Kolkhoz, and were greeted by three enormous men with large fur hats, one of whom was the chairman. We tramped through some of their fields, vineyards and orchards, and then looked at their stalls and stables for cattle and horses which were grouped round a large yard.

The Kolkhoz's clubroom was an amazing sight. Apart from a narrow passageway down the middle, low-carpeted platforms covered the floor. Round the walls sat all the old men of the Kolkhoz who were past doing a full day's work sitting cross-legged having their elevenses (bowls of green tea) and a chat, most of them in white or blue turbans and bright-coloured, warm-padded dressing gowns. The old women did not have a similar meeting place, but, we were told, preferred to go to one another's houses for a chat. The clubroom was used for concerts, meetings and other entertainments as required; it had a good stage, wireless, some papers and a canteen.

We were then invited to a "ploff." We sat cross-legged on carpets and cushions round an enormous table covered with very fat legs of mutton, ducks, chicken and all manner of fruit and sweets. There were no plates, but we ate off large flat pieces of bread made to look like plates. The chairman broke bread with each of us to start the meal. We had numbers of skewers with pieces of meat on them, a special Central Asian delicacy; then the "ploff." This is rice with bits of meat. The locals took up handfuls, squeezed out the gravy and then swallowed in mouthfuls. Cups of sweet wine accompanied the meal, which was terminated with green tea with sugar, milk or lemon. We did our best at the meal, but they were very disappointed with our appetites.

The Kolkhoz had turned over largely to vegetable growing to meet the growing population of Tashkent, but they still had a big cotton production. They had increased their acreage under the plough, and their production had increased despite heavy loss of man-power owing to the war.

In the evening we saw an excellently produced and acted *Othello* in Uzbek. This gripped the imagination, even though one did not understand the words. Othello himself had been a boy sweeper who cleaned out the theatre when his talent was first discovered. Shakespeare is far more extensively acted in Central Asia than in Great Britain to-day. Popular throughout the Soviet Union, his rolling rhetoric particularly attracts the new theatre public of Central Asia, which had no drama in their own tongue 25 years ago. Dramatic theatres here usually run a repertory of six or eight plays at a time. *Othello* had been running in such a repertory for five years, whilst *Hamlet* had had a run of seven years, and a new production was in prospect. We suggested to the director that Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* would be very appropriate. He said that it had been considered, but there was as yet no good translation into Russian, and they had to retranslate everything from Russian into Uzbek! Here as elsewhere in the Soviet Union the theatre is immensely popular.

*February 17.*—In the morning we visited a large aircraft factory mainly engaged in building transport planes. Most of the machinery and many of the employees had been transferred from Moscow and Kiev. It is intended to keep this plant open here after the war. Most of the workers and all those in responsible positions were Russians or Ukrainians. Many youngsters of school age were working, especially at riveting—presumably in their period off school.

In the afternoon I went to a nursery school for children from two to seven, mixed Russians and Uzbeks. A pleasant building, with large tree-covered courtyard for use in summer, and a staff of enthusiastic young teachers. Most of the time is spent in "being prepared for school," which included learning the letters, being taught manners, dancing, singing, etc. We had a very good show specially put on for us, with dancing by both boys and girls together in various national costumes. They then sang. The opening song was "My brother is in the Red Army, I hope to join him soon"—from kiddies of five to seven. Other war songs followed. John Lawrence, our secretary, made a toy sword out of a sheet of newspaper and gave it to one of the small boys. The girl teacher of 19 rushed up and told the boy he must always remember to fight the Fascist enemy. Right through the Soviet education to-day, especially, of course, among the older boys, there is a very strong military bias. I have a feeling, however, that there is a deep-rooted and underlying dislike of war amongst the people of the Soviet Union, and that the Government have had to introduce this military bias to offset this feeling.

*February 18.*—We first visited a hydroelectric power station some way out of Tashkent. It was part only of a much bigger scheme in construction and assisted also in irrigation. The main part of the equipment had been transferred from the Ukraine when the Germans advanced.

In the evening we went to Yusepov's dacha for a farewell "ploff." It was a grand do. We arrived to find a whole goat, with horns and eyes, sitting on a plate in the middle of the table waiting to be cut up. On either side were enormous sides of meat and dishes of poultry. Just as we had reached our first toast a live goat with very long horns was led in and tied to a post behind the chairman. It was about to have its throat cut in our honour (an ancient Uzbek custom), but our protests caused its removal, butting everyone violently. Yusepov ran the party with great gusto, having Tamara and Halima and all the local talent present. He asked Elliot if the British Government would arrange a season for Uzbek artists in London after the war, and was very disappointed when told a firm promise was not possible. He was not a diplomatist, he said, when Elliot tried to explain the capitalist workings of the British stage.

In the intervals I had an interesting talk with my neighbour, the Commissar for Planning, who described himself as the local Gosplan man. He apparently was responsible for submitting plans for local economic development to Moscow for approval. He said that local industrialisation was to continue rapidly after the war based on hydro-electric power. He claimed that an enormous coalfield existed in Uzbekistan which would be as productive as Donbas if opened up. Only two pits were so far working, and its development did not appear to be early on the list of priorities.

JOHN PARKER

## RADIO NOTES

THE Brains Trust often performs an oblique function to which I have not seen attention drawn: it is apt to supply answers to problems set by other current broadcasts. And the most useful answers are, I believe, nearly always given by the two or three Trustees who may be regarded as professional publicists: Joad, Julian Huxley, Barbara Ward. The casual amateur occasionally says something interesting on his or her own subject, but only the professional publicist has the knack of going straight to the point of something he has not studied. Last week we had some lively comments on children, on money-making, on play-writing. It was suggested that the answer to juvenile delinquency (the subject, you will remember, of Jennifer Wayne's recent feature) was to subtract children from their parents at an early age and bring them up in groups. To this Dame Margery Fry very sensibly objected that such a system took no account of love. The proper answer, it seems to me—as it seemed to Joad—is the sizable family (three or four), which constitutes a group and may be expected also to include love.

"Where is a young man to make a fortune these days?" I wish Dickens, for instance, or Meredith, or Captain Marryat, could have heard the spate of neo-Puritan censoriousness which this essentially innocent question evoked. Joad alone treated the subject with the lightness it required, while Miss Esther McCracken, who could, after all, have given an obvious answer, had the grace not to do so. On the subject of play-writing one might have expected more interesting remarks than were forthcoming. I question, in fact, whether either Miss McCracken is right in thinking dramaturgy chiefly a matter of character-drawing, or Joad in rejecting character in favour of "ideas"; I should have thought that the finest plays—from Shakespeare to Ibsen—were concerned rather with a *sui generis* product of character-plus-situation which has far less to do with the creation of "round," consistent characters than fiction has. If actors worried less about the hidden details of the people they try to represent, and concentrated instead on extracting the maximum of immediate effect from each scene as it occurred, both stage and radio drama would be more convincing—and more exciting—than it is.

We had two interesting poetry programmes last week—one on W. H. Auden, the other on the late Lord Alfred Douglas. Geoffrey Grigson introduced Auden's latest volume with claims for that poet which seem to me excessive. The extracts were skilfully chosen and broadcast very well—particularly the verses spoken by Valentine Dyall, who used the whole of his voice and not only his fog-horn bass. Surely no one seriously interested in poetry considers Auden—as Mr. Grigson seems to think—a "charlatan"; but admiration for his gifts is quite compatible with realisation that his taste and ear are both extremely faulty: the *Christmas Oratorio*, for instance, though it contains some beautiful lyrics, is marred by ridiculous and jarring malapropisms.

In doing honour to an old friend, that charming and experienced broadcaster, Moray McLaren, tried hard to convince us that Lord Alfred Douglas's sonnets are not a base amalgam of other people's poetry. I remain unconvinced, though I respect the intention. On the other hand, I wish Mr. McLaren had not gone out of his way to affirm that, though quarrelsome, Lord Alfred had "never done a mean or caddish thing." It were better to leave that particular stone unturned, at any rate for the present.

While on the subject of poetry I should like to point out that, to the best of my belief, the small but enthusiastic public for these programmes vastly prefers a *regular* schedule. The amount of poetry broadcast has not, apparently, been reduced; but the irregularity of its incidence results in that impression.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*April 22nd.* William Busch: Piano Quartet (12.20); Symphony Concert (2.30., Beethoven: Emperor Concerto; Sibelius: First Symphony).

*April 23rd.*—Book Talk (6.30, V. S. Pritchett); "What's the Point of Pictures?" (7.40, Clive Bell); "England is my Village" (9.30).

*April 24th.*—"Facts First": Eve of San Francisco (6.15).

*April 25th.*—*The Tale of Tsar Saltan* (7.45, Opera by Rimsky-Korsakov).

*April 26th.*—"What does it Mean?" *Capitalist* (6.25, Rose Macaulay); Symphony Concert (7.25); The Making of a Poem: Edwin Muir on a Scottish Ballad (10.35).

*April 27th.*—American Music (3.0); "Will Europe Starve?" (7.30); "A Layman looks at Science" (8.15, Nesta Pain feature).

*April 28th.*—*The Warden* (3.30, dramatised from Trollope's novel). EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## THE WALPOLE COLLECTION

AT the Leicester Galleries is to be seen the first instalment of works from the collection of Sir Hugh Walpole. In an all-too-short introduction to the catalogue, Mr. J. B. Priestley talks of the excitement that Sir Hugh found in collecting: "Here as elsewhere he was a romantic, seeing each favourite picture or drawing as an intensely personal communication." This romanticism showed itself not by a preference for what are called romantic artists (his taste was remarkably catholic), but by a particular enthusiasm for drawings and sketches which reveal the artist in all the spontaneity of his first emotion. Among the drawings in the exhibition are fascinating examples of Gainsborough, Cotman, Degas, Manet, Cézanne and Sickert. This collector's taste in oils was less

certain. Only one of the two Utrillos can be praised; the Steer, despite lovely passages, is poor; Augustus John is represented by three paintings, only one of which, a gay Southern landscape, shows him at his most engaging. But there are delightful paintings by Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Gauguin and Sickert. A small picture by Landseer is one of several works revealing Walpole's talent for detecting good work even when signed by a man who has fallen into not unjust disfavour. The second instalment of the collection will reveal the enterprise and generosity with which Walpole encouraged contemporary English painters. The private collector remains the most important patron, and does far more than any public institution to keep the young artist alive. In this respect, Sir Hugh was exemplary.

The Beaux Arts Gallery is showing a collection of paintings by children from Bedales and Burgess Hill School—pupils of Mrs. Durell, who must be a teacher of extraordinary talent. Once again one is flabbergasted by the assurance and inventiveness that children can command when properly taught. It is by exciting enthusiasm and dispelling shyness, not by inviting imitation that the teacher obtains such delightful results. Some of the pictures are by pupils aged sixteen or even seventeen, and these raise a different question. Francis Thornicroft and Pat Parker, for instance, are no less brilliant than their juniors, but have they not reached the age when they should be learning the skill in representing natural appearances which is the only solid foundation for the adult artist, however high he may eventually build above it?

In this column last week a couple of sentences about Mr. Henry Moore's work now showing at the Lefevre were omitted accidentally from the printed notice. Nothing new was said about Mr. Moore, because the exhibition contained no works calling for special attention. But the attention of readers was drawn to the presence of work by this distinguished artist.

ROGER MARVELL

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "The Wind of Heaven," at the St. James's

A miracle is performed in a Welsh village. The young son of Mrs. Parry's servant restores a soldier who, on his return from the Crimean War, has died of cholera; cures a "score of persons mortally sick," and thereby creates repercussions in the mountain village, and in Mrs. Parry's household in particular. In re-telling the story of the birth of a Saviour, and substituting Wales for Palestine, Mr. Emlyn Williams has undertaken the most noble task of his career. He has obviously approached his subject with religious sincerity—as some of the moments show, when his critical judgment is somewhat overridden by his emotions—but the play at the St. James's turns out to be more about Welsh superstition than the Messiah. It is surprising that, emanating from so accomplished a playwright, *The Wind of Heaven* is so variable, and thereby loses the force of its main direction. In the resultant squall of abrupt transitions of mood and atmosphere, flashes of Celtic intuition, philosophical truths, deeply moving scenes and purple patches, cumulative effect is lost. The play was slow to assume reality yet the strangely heterogeneous collection of personages assembled in the manor house with their characters fully delineated on their first appearance, failed by the fall of the final curtain to convince one that any of them had been permanently influenced. One has nothing but admiration for Mr. Williams' direction of an inspired cast. He himself, as a circus proprietor who is the symbol of repentance, has the burden of the evening's least successful moments — as when listening to the thrice-crowing-cock—or was it a night-owl? Miss Megs Jenkins, as the household servant, is never too self-consciously touching in her humility. Miss Diana Wynyard, as Mrs. Parry, a Welsh "Nightingale" in whom a religious sense is re-awakened, with a profile as cool and perfect as a Canova marble, manages her Victorian petticoats with a lovely grace of movement, and while keeping rigidly within the rather limited oval of her part (she is afforded early in the play her only big moment), creates an exquisite cameo. Her voice has assumed a greater range and this is the finest performance to date of an always sensitive artist. One admires and respects the author for having had the courage and faith to tackle something which demands integrity and writing of a high level of distinction.

### "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Chanticleer

No dramatist asks more of the actors than Ibsen, and none of his plays falls as flat with bad acting as *John Gabriel Borkman*. The cast at the Chanticleer are to be congratulated on a production that often achieves real distinction. The opening dialogue between the two sisters is admirably sustained. The part of the disappointed and diffident poet deserves special praise for its sensitive interpretation.

## THE MOVIES

### "The Fifth Chair," at the London Pavilion
### "Farewell, My Lovely," at the Ritz
### "The Nine Hundred" at the Empire

A take-off of thrillers and a first-rate thriller fall together in the same week: it says much for *Farewell, My Lovely* (adapted from a novel by Raymond Chandler) that our enjoyment isn't snuffed by seeing *The Fifth Chair* first. The touches of parody in *The Fifth Chair* are delightful. A millionaire is murdered within seconds, but speaks later at a crucial moment from one of those phonograph records which the mysteriously dead like to leave behind them. His millions have vanished: where? It looks as though the lawyers have a hand in it; one sees them top-hatted in a fantastic parlour with the senior partner playing an organ in the background. Suspicion shifts to Bendix Lodge, when Mr. Bendix himself is being treated to a huge cake and an electric chair on his birthday. There are chases here, there and everywhere; a brawl in a Naughty 'Nineties club; a tittering climax when the villains, sitting together in the stocks, feel the lighted candles creeping nearer and nearer to their unstockinged toes. The plot, which involves the running to earth of five chairs, one containing the fortune, is continuously absurd: its real quarry is the comedy thriller of the Bob Hope—Red Skelton kind which tries to freeze and double us up at the same time. I found it exceedingly funny for three-quarters of the time. Mr. Fred Allen, a radio compère, begins excellently by compèring the endless list of titles at the beginning, and his humour all through has the toughness of someone cracking nuts with his teeth and disliking them. Jack Benny, Robert Benchley and Binnie Barnes add more graciously to the lark, which is none the worse for having a point.

*Farewell, My Lovely* belongs in the class of *Double Indemnity* and *The Glass Key*, though not quite up to either. The hero once again is a private detective who gets the worst of both worlds: gangsters want to bump him off and cops try to pin murder on him. But there are consolations in sex—blonde for excitement, brunette for keeps—and the atmosphere of toughness, hard drink, insomnia, sourcracks, incipient murder and fifth degree seems highly stimulating. Mr. Dick Powell makes a good realistic hero who has to hack his way through a jungle to the solution where Lord Peter Wimsey would stroll across a lawn. He lives, of course, to be clubbed and pubbed another day. There is a high level of tension in this story, which includes, among other thrills, several lurid nightmares when the hero has passed out under the influence of drugs or blows.

So little, even to-day, has been revealed of events in Yugoslavia that we must be grateful to the M.O.I. and the Combat Camera Units for *The Nine Hundred*, a glimpse of the most bitter Resistance the Nazis have had to face in Europe. The film was made in the face of great difficulty; the news-reel cameramen sent out in the early days were captured. One episode, the rescue by air of nine hundred wounded men surrounded by the enemy, has provided the "story" of a film stirring in its simplicity. Wounded soldiers—women and children among them—wait on the improvised airfield looking up and listening for their deliverers. The nobility of the theme has even caused the film-makers to be a little afraid of it; less choral singing and a more natural animation of the faces would, I believe, have enhanced its appeal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Correspondence

## MORE B.B.C.s PLEASE

SIR,—The agreeable letter published in your issue of April 14th about the "future of Broadcasting," together with your comment upon it, makes me offer a suggestion on the subject.

You say that it is "axiomatic" that Big Business must not be allowed to control broadcasting, and conclude that there is nothing for it but to continue monopoly control. But why, to avoid control by Big Business, must we submit to control by Big Bureaucrats? Indeed, why does this word "control" so obtrude itself in all discussions about the future? The growth of what Leonard Woolf calls Neo-authoritarianism is as rapid as it is dangerous to democracy.

At the present moment there are two contrasted methods of organising a national service of broadcasting, one in which industry sponsors programmes and the other in which the State grants a monopoly to one group to do all broadcasting. Taken alone each system has its merits and disadvantages; my suggestion is that if the two systems work together, the merits of each remain and the disadvantages of both largely disappear.

To be more concrete, I envisage the setting up of a Commission to control all the national broadcasting services. This Commission would contain members appointed by Government (to represent the public's interest), members of the B.B.C. (as representing a detached and authoritative view) and members of the private interests (representing the entertainment side of broadcasting). The Commission would embody a technical section where members of the B.B.C. and Post Office engineering staff and members of the Radio Track would discuss improvements in method for distributing *audio* and *video* programmes. Incidentally, such a body would soon prove its worth by offering the public a far wider range of choice between different type of programme than it gets to-day.

The Commission, combining all the interests (originally enough, the public interest too) could be trusted to possess the final authority in all matters concerning broadcasting. Any public discontent expressed through Parliament would result in criticism of the Government representatives. These would be entitled to defend their policies at any inquiry or before an appropriate Minister.

The suggested scheme has, as its prime object, the slackening of restrictive controls and the substitution of self-control among all the groups concerned in making and transmitting programmes. Supervision would aim at forming directives rather than issuing directions. Fostered by a guiding framework of regulations, which practice would build, broadcasting could grow naturally, by refreshing itself from many sources, rather than develop, self-consciously, under a single domination.

P. P. ECKERSLEY

32, Hans Road, S.W.1.

## SAN FRANCISCO

SIR,—Dr. Evatt has performed an important service in calling attention to a serious weakness—so far largely overlooked—in the Draft Charter of the General International Organisation. He has pointed out that "one of the most crucial provisions of the Charter," the clause dealing with future amendments, is so drafted at present that no amendment would be possible without the unanimous consent of the "Big Five."

The clause to which Dr. Evatt refers accords to every one of the Big Five a permanent and absolute right of veto on any change in the Constitution of the Organisation, even though a proposed amendment may have received the support of two-thirds or more of the members of the General Assembly. If persisted in, this veto would render extremely difficult that process of "progressive modification" which Dr. Evatt rightly regards as indispensable to the future success of the Organisation. It would deprive the Organisation of all flexibility, and would fix it in the form laid down at a time when the thoughts of the world's statesmen and peoples are mainly concentrated on the tasks of war.

What I suggest is that a suspensive veto on amend-

ments should be substituted for the permanent veto envisaged in the Draft. This would bring it into line with the normal constitutional practice of countries in which monarchs or presidents still possess powers of veto over the decisions of their legislatures. The following clause might be added to the present Clause XI of the Draft:

"Nevertheless an amendment shall come into force for all members of the Organisation when it has been adopted by a vote of two-thirds of the members at two successive ordinary meetings of the General Assembly and ratified in accordance with their respective constitutional processes by a majority of the members of the Organisation, including a majority of the permanent members of the Security Council."

This procedure would still safeguard the special position of the permanent members, but would make it impossible for any one or two of them to exercise a permanent veto on change.

WILLIAM N. WARBEY

## TWO GERMANYS

SIR,—War Correspondents in Germany are showing bewilderment at the discovery of numbers of Germans who appear to welcome us as liberators, and a still greater number who are completely apathetic. Where is the mystery?

Did anyone seriously expect German peasants, women and children, and the working classes to go on "heiling" when the Gestapo was removed? If the mass of the people were really behind Hitler, would he have still needed, after twelve years in power, the huge Gestapo organisation of concentration camps, torture chambers, and regular executions of opponents? As to the apathetic, they have their counterpart in the millions of English men and women who are politically unconscious, and interested in nothing but their own affairs.

What these "new" discoveries really demonstrate is the error of Vansittartism, of clumping all Germans together. We are finding out now that there *are* two Germanys. To say this is not to be "soft" or to lessen one's hatred of the Nazis (I would shoot without compunction any proved Nazi); but it is to be realistic and to consider the future of Europe, which is unthinkable without an encouragement of the better elements in Germany to return to a democratic way of life.

The war *has* an ideological basis, whether we like it or not, and unless we substitute a positive and active philosophy of democracy for the Fascism we are exterminating, the danger of a nation of 80 millions left in a moral, political, and economic vacuum, will be extreme. Failure to grasp the political as well as the military meaning of this war can retard recovery and endanger peace. DOUGLAS DICKINS

## INSIDE THE ASYLUM

SIR,—I have been delighted to see the letters about asylum "treatment" in your journal. Possessing the inestimable advantage, in this discussion, of having spent over four years in a public asylum I can underline all that has been said in criticism, and then add a column or two.

This being out of the question, I earnestly ask that you may spare me the space to make a definite and precise charge. The main Act governing the conduct of these places has a clause stipulating that every patient must be visited at least once every two months by two of the visiting committee together, so that he can make a complaint, if he has any, concerning his treatment. In all the 52 months of my detention, I was not visited once, or spoken to, by any member of the visiting committee. It might be asked how it was that I did not complain; the very good reason was that I was not told, and had no means of knowing, of this humane and just provision of the Act. Nor, to the best of my belief, did any other inmate know of it. But the staff and the committee must have known of it and deliberately ignored it.

Some time after my discharge I got a copy of the Act, and after reading it brought the matter to the attention of the Board of Control, along with some forcible comments on other aspects of my "treatment." All the reply I got was a short rejoinder that they regretted they could do nothing for me—not a word of explanation of the complete disregard of the law of the land which they have been appointed to enforce. I wrote to a Labour M.P., asking that a question might be asked in Parliament as to the reasons for this violation of the law. He neither asked a question nor replied to me, although I enclosed a stamp.

Finally, I sent a copy of my charges against the asylum to Mr. Walter Elliot, who was then Minister of Health, reporting the absolute refusal of the Board of Control to do anything (I had asked for an inquiry with evidence given on oath). Some weeks after I got a perfectly courteous, and perfectly useless, reply to the effect that now, at such a distance of time, it was not possible to do anything.

Here, then, you have the results of a determined and utterly vain effort to get the very people paid to administer the Act to do so and afford protection to unfortunate inmates. Is it any wonder that I write bitterly, especially as my wife committed suicide during my detention? G. O. A.

[We refer to this letter in our Comments—ED.]

## SCOTTISH CULTURE

SIR,—In his article on the Motherwell election as a symbol of contemporary Scotland Norman MacKenzie gave an excellent account of the present set-up in Scottish politics. The present upsurge of nationalist feeling in Scotland is certainly due in part to the cavalier treatment of Scottish affairs in Parliament, and has received a great impetus from the Prestwick Air Port and Forth Road Bridge incidents. To these may be added the disadvantages of *remote* control when control has become more and more an essential part of the social system. But there is a more obvious and more powerful reason for the growing reaction against England, and, like many obvious things, it is frequently overlooked. Scotland's tragedy is essentially a cultural one.

Cut away the physical environment of such cities as Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen and you find there is very little difference between the English and the Scottish environment. Seven days a week Scotland is flooded with newsprint from London. The two big Scottish newspapers—the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*—are not read by the ordinary Scottish family any more than the *Times* is read by the ordinary English family. For six days a week Scots people flock to see the same films as are shown in Boston (Lincs.) and Boston (Mass.). In Scottish schools English penetration has so far advanced that the countryside in which the English Civil War was fought has more imaginative associations than any similar region in Scotland. The result is that nearly all Scotsmen of imagination and sensibility may not technically be "split personalities," but are often displaced or uprooted personalities. Imaginatively they are not completely at home in Scotland and not completely away from home in England. Thus the tendency to escape to an island—on a small island you are not so much cut off from the past because the island's past is very largely its present. Mr. C. M. Grieve, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Eric Linklater—all living, when they can, on islands. Sometimes I think it is too easy for Scottish men of letters to escape to islands; we have too many islands and too few writers.

What Scotland needs, and probably what England needs as well, is a number of regional cultures, each with its roots deep in the traditions of the region, each invigorated by contacts with the others. But Scotland needs this more than England because of the heavier drain on talent and imagination which she has suffered through the "export" of so many of her more enterprising citizens to London and to the Dominions.

There are signs of the development of regional cultures on these lines. The Saltire Society has done

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10, Belmont Street, Aberdeen. HUNTER DIACK

## THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE

SIR,—I am puzzled at the advocacy of Sidney Dark in support of Holiday Camp Leaders as representatives of the Church in Village Life. I do not agree that the Church is impotent in the countryside, and from experience of villagers, I am led to suppose that they, like me, loathe the sporty parson who "throws a nifty dart in the local." On the whole the Church attracts a particular type of personality as parson; usually he is cultured, well bred, and in consequence more at home with the squire than the publican. If, perchance, he craves for undue exhibitionism and becomes "one of the boys," he is naturally suspect, and under such conditions is normally insipid, illiterate, stupid, garrulous and indiscreet.

Sidney Dark completely overlooks the inherent mysticism in villagers. They love their church, be they Primitive Methodists or Church of England, and they unconsciously expect the village parson to act as custodian of centuries of Church Culture. If, in addition, he possesses understanding, is not lost in dogma, and has forgotten the meaning of sin, it matters not whether his congregation consists only of two or three disappointed spinsters. Such a man will, by virtue of his office and his personal attributes, act as father or grandfather to his parishioners, resulting from his detachment from the "local" and other stunts. He will further be qualfied to act as friend, the person to whom all and sundry will turn for guidance in misfortune.

If therefore our parson can baptise, marry and bury us with solemnity, we will not worry if he spends his leisured hours in love-making or reading Greek.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1. E. CALDWELL

## TRUTH AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—With regard to "Flying Officer's" answer to my third question, perhaps you will allow me to say that I shall be glad to publish my short correspondence with the late Cardinal Hinsley and my lengthy correspondence with others who defended his action, if the late Cardinal's executors and the others concerned will give me permission to do so. "Flying Officer," and others, will then be in a position to make up their minds about the rights and wrongs of the whole affair. JOHN V. SIMCOX

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SIR,—Father Tyrrell, who was for twenty-five years a member of the Jesuit Order, said once that all religious knowledge of any importance, was stored away at the Vatican and only needed to be *unpacked*. It seems strange, therefore, that from a Church with such a fund of information at its disposal—a Church moreover claiming inerrancy—it should be impossible to elicit a clear-cut answer to this vitally important question of parental rights in the matter of education. One has to remember, of course, that, as the learned Abbé Houtin puts it: *Quand on est infaillible, il est plus facile de l'être, et de la rester, en se taisant qu'en parlant.* HAROLD BINNS

## DE VALERA AND L.G.

SIR,—It is too gloomy a world not to encourage the circulation of any good story which has any foundation. However, there is no foundation whatever for the less-than-good story told by "Critic" about Mr. de Valera and Mr. Lloyd George in your issue of March 31st. Its only claim to distinction is that it is wrong in every essential particular as these facts show:

(1) Nobody else was present at the discussions "Critic" mentions between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera.

(2) Therefore it was impossible for Mr. Lloyd George to have made in Welsh to Tom Jones the unmannerly comment "Critic" attributes to him.

(3) Nor did Mr. de Valera have to speak in English to the gentleman mentioned, for he was not present. (Had he been there would have been no need for English as he was a Gaelic speaker.) In any case, it is to be hoped that Mr. de Valera would not have had the discourtesy to speak a language which his host of the moment could not understand.

(4) Mr. de Valera presented no terms to Mr. Lloyd George.

(5) There was no scroll in Irish.

(6) Therefore there was no English translation.

(7) What did take place at the interview was known only to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera and I know of no record by either which would justify the rather childish attitude attributed to Mr. Lloyd George.

20, Greenfield Road, Dublin. DAVID HOGAN

[Critic replies: "Mr. Hogan is wrong on all points. I heard the story from participants in the events described. It is also told by Mr. Winston Churchill in *Aftermath*, p. 298, and its significance is discussed in *Peace by Ordeal*, by Frank Pakenham, a historian who is consistently friendly to Mr. De Valera and Eire."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## ELECTRICITY AND VANDALISM

SIR,—Your distaste for the Scottish hydro-electric schemes surprises me. The utility of power generated so directly from natural sources surely overrides considerations of amenities? There are innumerable lovely walks and beauty spots to lure the foreign tourists you mention. Transformation of a few Highland lakes would do no noticeable harm to the appeal of Great Britain as a whole. Is it not to our good that the world should see we are not backward in power generation methods? Artificial lakes and impressive dams have a grandeur of their own (witness the Tennessee Valley scenery).

There is to me a more important aspect of the matter. If we do not generate this electricity by water-power, then how else? Presumably by more coal-burning power stations. To preserve lakeland from hydro-electricity is to afford ourselves a luxury (which anyway few have the chance to enjoy). How many realise that much of the cost of this luxury is the human toil and suffering of those who slave in the black hell of the coal mines?

FRANK GRINSTEAD

## SIR FRANCIS ROSE

SIR,—Mr. Mortimer, "with the surprised air rustics wear," seems baffled by the honour shown to Sir Francis Rose by his pictures being the first to leave this country for exhibition in Paris. Surely after the generous tribute paid to Le Nain by Sir Francis in permitting his previous exhibitions to be entitled "Hommage à Le Nain" it cannot be grudged. Moreover, Miss Gertrude Stein has affirmed that Sir Francis Rose is universally accepted as England's greatest genius and only comparable to Cezanne. The springtime presentation of a Rose show seems both happy and timely. DEREK HILL

[Raymond Mortimer replies: "I can readily believe that Miss Stein considers Sir Francis Rose the greatest of our painters, but even if one attaches weight to her opinions, she cannot know much about contemporary English art, as she has spent the whole war in France. Surely this is a matter for the M.o.I. or the British Council."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE are the active autobiographies which tell what we have done with our lives and how we have affected the world; and there are the passive ones which tell what our lives and the lives of other people have done with us. The difference is not that one kind is objective and the other subjective, nor even that one is egotistical and the other self-effacing; but simply that the active autobiography imposes a personal drama where the passive sort patiently breaks it down and distributes it among that small host of people, the living and the dead, who gather round our lives like trees around an ageing house. This writer catches the large part of our lives that lies between events and in other people's hands: the deposit rather than the fire of experience; and, in the end, is there not far more deposit than fire?

I have been reading and re-reading Mr. Santayana's *Persons and Places** in the last few weeks, a passive autobiography on the highest level. First of all, it is written in an English prose that is as close as music to his thought, and the thought is subtle. It is also wise, if wisdom consists in not expecting much. The comparison with music may suggest preciosity; and I am inclined to change the metaphor and say that I detect the lively labial rustle of Spanish speech under his English which is like clear water running over stones. And then the elements of Mr. Santayana's life invite the passive treatment. There is somewhere a dislocation in his nature. He is a transplanted man and the son of a family with a tradition of transplantation. Spanish himself by birth, he was brought up partly in Spain and partly in America. He had Spanish and New England relations, and the wounding struggle between the new world and the old went on in his life and theirs. This sometimes brutal spiritual contest is important, not only because there is a particular and profound antipathy between the Spanish and the American mind, but because a large and now dominant mass of Americans, the most ordinary as well as the most distinguished, are marked by the effects of similar transplantations. "Palinurus" has spoken of the American vacuum. I am not sure that that conveys the exact truth. One is conscious of aborted natures, of lost souls. Some years ago I remember seeing the process of Americanisation at work on two sensitive, civilised, well-educated Spanish children; and, although I have no doubt they are now excellent and gifted American citizens, the process was shocking, and the wound they received, I am sure, was permanent. There could have been only one escape: the formation of a solitary or hermit-like character which would covertly move outside the pale and become a spectator of the human race. And though many people affect to be spectators of life and fancifully enjoy a quite illusory notion of the comforts of detachment, few, in fact, are detached or would indeed have the courage and stoicism to endure wearing real isolation like a stone in the heart. Some African strain of indifference, which is native to Spaniards, and which must have been inherited from his disappointed parents, enabled Mr. Santayana to stand alone and permitted him to spend a long life, not in deciding new things but in discriminating between things that already existed.

I am unacquainted with Mr. Santayana as a philosopher, and do not know how his theory of essences is rated. One is generally taught that the Spanish mind is not by nature philosophical, but rather passionate, eccentric and discursive, on the one hand, or passive and religious, on the other:

> I loved speculation for itself, as I loved poetry, not out of worldly respect or anxiety lest I should be mistaken, but for the splendour of it, like the splendour of the sea and the stars. And I knew I should love living obscurely and freely in old towns, in strange countries, hearing all sorts of outlandish and marvellous opinions. I could have made a bargain with Mephistopheles, not for youth but for the appearance of youth, so that with its tastes, but without its passions, I might have been a wandering student all my life. . . .

Spanish literature has many speculative and fantastic minds of this sort, which are more concerned with the way we live than with the good life, and which regard speculation as a kind of poetry and not as an instrument.

One thinks of Mr. Santayana rather as a frugal and sardonic sage, who conducts one with astonishing agility over the wretched and arduous tracks of life, across the blank and disheartening rock faces, to his hermitage. The secret is, I suppose, the artist's: you identify yourself with experience. He is writing about Gil Blas:

> I feel a natural sympathy with unprejudiced minds, or, if you like, with rogues. The picaresque world is the real world; and if lying and thieving and trickery are contemptible, it is because the game is not worth the candle, not because the method is unworthy of the prize. . . . When the rogue tires of the game or is ruined by it, he may unfeignedly turn his free spirit towards higher things, or, at least, like the good thief in Calvary, may recognise their existence.

The mystical religious mind is a chameleon. A really Spanish Gil Blas would undergo an inexplicable conversion without any pains beyond those thwacked into him by the world. It would be in the manner (as Mr. Santayana says) of Zorilla's *Don Juan*—a conversion which has always struck my Protestant mind as being a good deal worse than the original crimes and a signal example of the Deity's bad taste and bourgeois morals in the mid-nineteenth century.

In religion, identification without prejudice appears again to be the course suggested; it would be "base and profane" to expect either art or religion "to serve our private passions." He is in Avila Cathedral hearing Mass:

> It was the ancient Church still living. The little acolytes scampered about as if at play, swung their heavy silver censers with gusto, and let the chains rattle and the great puffs of smoke escape at each high turn of the pendulum, as if pleasure and duty had never been better matched. The music was rough, gusty, and not very classical, but at least brief; and, like all the rest, it was not offered to the public for admiration, but performed simply to conform, as well as might be or was usual, to the prescriptions of the liturgy. Here was ancient priestly religion, as acceptable to the truly intelligent as their native language or their accidental governments, not because miraculously right or perfect, but because ingrained in all their traditions, part of the soil and substance of their only possible life, to be transmitted with the inevitable variations to the next generation, if this generation is not to be wholly disinherited and barbarous. . . . Those who have passed the *pons asinorum* in the inner life know that the function of art and religion is precisely to transfigure those private passions so that, far from being served, they may all serve religion and art.

For, never forget, religion has been invented.

It is not hard to see, around the animated lines of such a description, the black margin of a sombre view of life. Life is endlessly interesting; it does not wrong us; but it is "confused, hideous, useless." The long chapters on his childhood and the lives of his sceptical father, his self-willed mother and his ill-assorted relations in the vacant and uncouth atmosphere of Avila, display the sources of Mr. Santayana's pessimism. One has the impression, in such Spanish towns, that here are people inured to living on less and less, and at last choosing to do so. Pride consumes frustration. Those hours are meritorious that hang like lead in the air; the custom of boredom and denial is obstinate. The dull god "No" yawns on his throne. To the outsider it seems a life without intimacy, a life where people sit in silence with nothing in their minds:

> Yet dignity was not absent from the good people that remained, leading a simple, serious, monotonous, provincial life, narrowed by poverty and overhung more obviously than busier places seem to be by the shadow of illness, sorrow and death. Almost all the women appeared to be in mourning and the older men also. There was nothing forced or affected in this: people were simply resigned to the realities of Mother Nature and of human nature; and in its simplicity their existence was deeply civilised, not by modern conveniences, but by moral tradition. "It is the custom," they would explain, half-apologetically, half-proudly, to the stranger when any little ceremony or courtesy was mentioned peculiar to the place. If things were not the custom, what reason would there be for doing them? What reason would there be for living, if it were not the custom to live, to suffer and to die?

It was a relief to the young man back from Boston where people drove themselves to the psychiatrist by discussing all day only what was right or what was necessary. Yet Avila would have been an Anglo-Saxon's hell; and, certainly, a Frenchman's or an Italian's purgatory.

"Fixity of tradition, of custom, of language, is perhaps a requisite to complete harmony in life and mind," writes Mr. Santayana, when he draws the remarkable portrait of his half-American sister, Susanna. And one can see why, to his transplanted character, fixity must have seemed so desirable. In part, he owed his longing for it to his terrifying mother. She had been left an orphan in the Philippines, and had chartered a boat herself when she went home. Her will ruled the calamities of her life. She lost one husband, her favourite child died, she married again late in life, only to live apart from her husband and child. Yet these vicissitudes did not shake a rock-like immobility of character. In Boston she refused to leave her house or to see friends. An earnest Boston lady tried to break down the barrier, and asked in what she was interested. What did she do? To which his mother replied, without smiling: "In winter I try to keep warm, and in summer I try to keep cool." The inflexibility was Spanish. She became as hard, as self-contained as a bird. But there was a bitterness in her renunciation and in the recriminations of the family generally, whether they were renouncing the world or the other-world.

The mother was not satisfied by renouncing her ambitions in order to advance her children's. Susanna, the daughter, felt she, too, had failed in renouncing the convent. The father himself, alone and thousands of miles away in Spain, sat cracking without pleasure the neat walnut shells of scepticism. Liberalism in him was bleak, as Mr. Santayana acutely says, simply because it had not got the Anglo-Saxon's prosperity behind it. He admired the English and Americans, as so many puritan Latins did, because they were supposed to be severe and dutiful utilitarians without a smile; and he despised his own country because this character was lacking in it. What he did not see, understand or care for was the free, friendly, laughing side of Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and in the English, for example, the unaffected kindliness of their friendships or the poetic quality of their love of sport. In his rigid, anticlerical, everything-in-a-nutshell Liberalism, the phlegmatic Latin father was a narrower man than the discursive Americanised son who had come half-way back to religion, via art.

I had intended to quote passages from one or two of the many portraits in this book, but they are long and depend on their length for their effect. Autobiography has an advantage over the novel in the drawing of character; it can present people slowly under the gradual pressure of life, where the novel cuts and bends them to some selected drama. And then Mr. Santayana is now old and has survived all these people who went to make his life. He sees them completely. Unlike the characters in a novel, they do not illustrate a theme, impart ideas or bloom with some dominant emotion; in the limited fashion of living people they suggest merely what they were. He sees their life as character and circumstance imposed it; and is, if anything, more aware of what they were denied than of what they felt they could become. He likes what is fixed and defined. The portrait of his half-sister Susanna is, as I have said, remarkable. It is a sensitive physical portrait, for Mr. Santayana is aware of some harmony between the oddities of the body—

* *Persons and Places.* By GEORGE SANTAYANA. Constable. 10s.

we may have trunks which do not belong to our legs, heads that have no business on our kind of shoulders—and the anatomy of the mind and soul. Physically and mentally, Susanna was divided between her Spanish and American parents. Boston and Avila quarrelled inside her. Her strongest feelings were for women, but she lived on the attentions of men whom, in fact, she did not really like. Her heart was divided, and even when she sought the consolations of religion she did so with the nervous zeal of one who had not really a religious nature. She brought to Spain the restlessness of the New World, and in the New World she had preserved the neutrality of Spain. The subtlety of this portrait is repeated in all the others in this book. It is the liveliest meditation on transplanted lives that I remember reading. V. S. PRITCHETT

## A REVIEW FROM ELYSIUM

**Citizen Tom Paine.** By HOWARD FAST. *John Lane.* 10s 6d.

"According to all the good people of the nineteenth century, I have now been burning in hell the last hundred years and more. They put about gruesome stories of the agonies in which I died, and how I saw devils round me. They used my deathbed as a bogy with which to frighten children. Because I was a fervent deist who wrote a book called *The Age of Reason*, saying that the universe had been created by a good God and that people should not be deluded by the contradictions of the Scriptures or the lies told by the Church, I was denounced as an atheist, and those who sold my books were persecuted for two generations after my death. My revolutionary politics troubled the authorities less than my orthodox deism. In point of fact, the only devils I saw on my deathbed were religious people of all sorts and persuasions who crept into my room and pestered me to recant. After my death, they would not even let me be properly buried; they even desecrated my grave and knocked bits off my tombstone. Eventually, William Cobbett, an Englishman who appreciated me, dug up my bones and took them to England, exhibited them in various towns and wanted them properly buried. But the British Government was as bad as the American public, and nobody, certainly not I, knows where my bones lie to-day.

"The epitaph I wrote for my own tombstone reads: 'Thomas Paine, Author of *Common Sense*.' That was as it should be, for it was my work during the American War of Independence of which I am most proud. My latest biographer, Howard Fast, does this part of my life most justice. I was nearly forty before I became in any way notorious. Mr. Fast says a little about my early life as a stay-maker at Thetford, but misses the more interesting period in Lewes, where I tried to organise a Trade Union and was thrown out of a job in the Excise. I suppose *Common Sense* was one of the most influential pamphlets ever written. It provided the American farmers who revolted against George III with what in the twentieth century is called "an ideology," and it became so famous in the American Army that wherever I went I was regarded by the soldiers as their close friend. General Washington thought me more valuable than whole batteries of artillery, until, later on, I believed he had betrayed the American Revolution and told him so. I was never a tactful man, thank God.

"I had not lost my belief in Revolution when the States-General met in France and I replied to Burke in another famous pamphlet, the *Rights of Man*. That exiled me from my native land and made me a French Deputy. In that book I put forward proposals for social reform which have been accepted as good a hundred and fifty years after I made them. I was not under the illusion of so many democrats that the mere removal of established institutions and ruling classes would cure men's great misery. I saw that there would have to be economic change as well, and my proposals have stood the test of time. Mr. Fast, who writes about me with so much appreciation, has somewhat missed all this side of my work.

"It is true that I often drank too much in my old age, but Mr. Fast follows my hostile biographers in making far too much of this. I was unhappy because I was disappointed, and I was known to drink too much because I could not afford to do so as privately as the great gentlemen of my period.

"While the battle for democracy was on, I was at my best, but it was a terrible disappointment to me when bankers and well-to-do people in America got hold of the revolution and defeated the genuine Jeffersonian democrats. The same disillusion happened to me in France. I had seen a lot of killing and its results, and I preferred the Girondists and the moderate men to the Mountain and the Terrorists. I was imprisoned for a long time, and it was a wonder I escaped with my life. Perhaps it was a pity I did, because I got no satisfaction from my last visit to America. The final stand which got me into trouble in France was when I pleaded for the life of the French King. When I came out of prison, Napoleon tried to get me to play the traitor to England by helping him in his plans of invasion. How completely he misunderstood me! I was never a nationalist. It is true I said: 'Where is not freedom, there is my country.' But a warmonger and tyrant like Napoleon was even worse, in my eyes, than a Hanoverian king. I was a revolutionist and would never have helped one tyrant to overthrow another.

"Mr. Fast is very kind to me in his new book, but I hope he won't think me rude if I say that it annoyed me very much. He has learned a trick which I cannot stomach. Of course, he has read Moncure Conway's biography of me and probably some other books as well. But he never quotes the sources of his information. How does he know what I said to Franklin, or Jefferson, or to my wife? Sometimes he may know a little from letters and memoirs and records, but he never makes it clear when he is inventing and when he is quoting, and he is always putting words into my mouth, and, worse still, thoughts into my mind, without any historical justification whatever. He often speaks of my big hands and my humped shoulders and describes the effect I had on people. I really cannot remember at this date whether I was like this, but I am quite sure that Mr. Fast often gets it wrong. How could he help it? I agree that Mr. Fast's book is very easy to read and that there is a lot in it about me that is true and that people in the twentieth century will be the better for knowing. Perhaps he will say that it is not biography, but a half-novel, half-biography? Well, I don't like the mixture. I wish he had stuck to straight biography and not tried to be picturesque and pathetic. I learnt something about writing in my lifetime. I found that the strongest form of writing is plain statement. My *Rights of Man* has had more influence than Burke's rhetorical *Reflections on the French Revolution.*"

TOM PAINE

## "BUSINESS" IN SHAKESPEARE

**Shakespeare and the Actors.** By A. C. SPRAGUE. *Harvard University Press.* 25s.

*Shakespeare and the Actors* is another welcome sign of the growing interest in Shakespeare's plays as plays, and not as philosophical treatises, or exercise grounds for theorists or pedants. Professor Sprague, already known as the author of *Shakespeare and the Audience*, here endeavours to show what stage "business" has been used from 1660 to 1905—that is from the re-opening of the theatres after the Civil War until the death of Irving. War conditions have made it impossible for Professor Sprague to consult materials in England, so he has had to confine himself to such prompt-books, memoranda and articles available in America. These have provided the author with a mass of material, but it is very unevenly spread over the plays, and as a result the book is sadly lacking in proportion, half of it being devoted to the four great tragedies. Professor Sprague's way of treating his material is to take us scene by scene through each play, mentioning and discussing the "business" as it arises, without much apparent effort to discriminate between what is important and what is trivial or eccentric. As a result, the book does not make any clear impression. The mind is confused by a mass of detail, and little emerges to show us what principles or guiding ideas have occasioned the "business" displayed to us. The book, therefore, will be found useful as a handy quick-reference guide to the "business" of any play rather than as a discussion of the place or development of Shakespearean "business."

Not that this limited use is to be despised. It is fascinating, for instance, to turn back after watching the magnificent production of the ghosts in the present Old Vic presentation of *Richard III* to see how it was performed in the past. Throughout the eighteenth century the ghosts rose and sank through traps, and when this practice was changed at Edinburgh, in 1789, an indignant critic protested that

> To save a crown the trap-doors thou nail'st up,
> And bid'st the Carpenter go home and sup;
> While Ghosts, who from the burning ground should pop,
> Enter on either side, with skip and hop.

This outcry failed to stay the rot, and Hazlitt, followed by the *Times*, spoke of the traps as a clumsy contrivance, and approved of the new way of bringing forth the ghosts "within a sort of aerial mist"—in other words, behind gauze curtains!

Much pleasure may also be obtained by noting the first appearance and the development of some piece of "business." Take, for example, the "nunnery" scene in *Hamlet*. The detection of the eavesdroppers by the slight movement of the arras, or by the glimpse of Polonius peering out, or by Ophelia's anxious glances, has become generally accepted, but was still "a new view" in 1826. Booth caught a glimpse of the conspirators very early in the scene, as did others; Irving delayed it until the line "Where's your father?" while Wilson Barrett saw first the King and then Polonius. Tree took the scene as far as "Where's your father?" very tenderly, but after that "was as harsh as his words." Professor Dover Wilson would have us abandon this traditional "business" as a "crude and inadequate trick," and pleads for his view that Hamlet should enter earlier in the scene to overhear the King and Polonius plotting to "loose" Ophelia to him. It is worth noting that so accomplished a Shakespearean as Mr. George Rylands has kept to the tradition in his recent Haymarket production.

How far has "business" changed as the centuries have passed? There is much to be said for the view that every age tends to produce Shakespeare as nearly as possible in terms of the conventions of the contemporary drama. The professional actor, for the main part, comes to Shakespeare with something of awe and reverence, but he cannot divest himself of his life-long training. Acting in Shakespeare is only a break in his continuous creation of characters in contemporary plays, and he finds the older drama something of a problem. Those who have seen Irving, Tree, or Benson will recall how far removed the tradition is from the subdued modern style, and how much it delighted in traditional business, such as the famous *start* of Garrick, about which, on being asked, "Would not you, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does if you saw a ghost?" Dr. Johnson replied, "I hope not. If I did I should frighten the ghost." For actors whose daily fare is generally something slighter, the acting of Shakespeare presents difficulties which they attempt to solve by such expedients as modern

dress and accompanying "business" of an entirely new kind, or by a breaking down of the blank verse into an undistinguished prose with corresponding abandonment or loosening of the "business."

Yet it still remains true that the good player is the best commentator, and the future of Shakespeare on the stage depends on the recruitment of actors who are willing to respond to the medium of poetic drama, and to study its conventions. Among such conventions we may place "business," and here Professor Sprague's book will be invaluable to them as a guide to what their great predecessors have done to achieve the true purpose of "business"—the interpretation of Shakespeare's dramatic intentions.

H. S. BENNETT

## A PLAN FOR PEACE

**The Price of Peace.** By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE. *Pilot Press.* 6s.

Here is the third panel of the Beveridge Triptych of Social Insurance, Full Employment and Peace. The difference is that in the first Sir William was a lone figure, while in the second he was grouped with most contemporary economists, and in the third he joins a great crowd of reasonable people. Not that the book is the less timely for that; it is clear, brief, and up to date. Also, owing to its author's analytic power, it is free from clutter and dead on the point. If the Foreign Office were practical (but it is not), it would give copies of this book, and the League of Nations Union amendments to Dumbarton Oaks, to the British San Francisco delegates, some of whom seem to have been appointed on the principle that this would be a nice occasion for them to begin learning a little about international affairs, and some others because of their conspicuous unsuccess in the past. Poor Mr. Eden! Sir William knows that it is useless to consider means before you have determined your end. He states his target as the replacement of international anarchy by the rule of law. He then makes a witty patchwork of quotations from various books to prove that pre-1914 Europe was doomed to war by the outworn system of sovereign States all seeking their own interests, by force if need be. He attributes the failure of Versailles to the inability of France and Britain to weld the security policy of the one with the reconciliation policy of the other, and justly notes that the imbecility of British policy was due to Conservative domination. Liberals, the Labour Party and the people wanted to support the League.

Collective security was the only escape from war, but acceptance of the obligations of collective security involved a break with deeply rooted traditions; the revolutionary period in the world's history heralded by the first total war called for radical measures. The British people were not blind to this, but their Parliament was.

The seeds of war, Sir William believes, are fear, ambition and revenge; he examines other motives, such as national pugnacity, economics (which he sets too low in my view), and the special wickedness of the Germans, and thinks them secondary. "Power politics," whether as a balance or an alliance system, he considers can only stave off small wars and end in great ones. Rigid frontier decisions and dismemberment of Germany will surely create war; all these are "false trails to peace." The true road is world law based upon abandonment of the sovereign right of States to make war, the acceptance of third-party settlement by all nations, international regulation of arms and an international garrison system.

From two world wars two lessons must be drawn: one that "domestic safety" cannot be achieved by national arms; the other that any attempt to achieve safety by national arms is self-defeating and leads to war.

He then considers federal union, dismissing it as impracticable, and in Walter Lippmann's form of hemisphere unity as likely to conflict with world peace. He favours Dumbarton Oaks, saying it should be strengthened on the side of justice; and in a postscript prints his letter to the *Times* protesting against the Great Power veto on the security system. It would indeed be interesting to know which irrelevant concession we accepted at Yalta in barter for our justified objection to this monstrosity. The partial acknowledgment of the London Poles, perhaps? As it stands, a security system which cannot be used against any Great Power aggressor robs the scheme of moral validity both for the great and the small nations. And by moral validity is meant the popular support by which alone a world system can be brought into effect. Sir William's letter made a point which seems unanswerable.

Those who prefer realism to principle may be invited to realise that, under the proposed system of voting, a small Power in a dispute with one of the five Powers, however just its cause, is formally deprived of all hope of effective support by the world organisation for peace. The inevitable result of this will be that the small powers must seek security in alliances or dependence on one or other of the Great Powers. That, with spheres of influence, balance of power, competitive armaments and the rest of the old bag of tricks, is the short way to a third world war.

But realisation is not the realists' talent. Their vision is strictly limited to the length of their own noses. This Beveridge book is not addressed to them but to the normal intelligent citizen.

FREDA WHITE

## DETECTION

**The Visitor.** By CARL RANDAW and LEANE ZUGSMITH. *Gollancz.* 5s.

**Death Comes as the End.** By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

**Coroner's Pidgin.** By MARGERY ALLINGHAM. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

**The Vultures Gather.** By ANNE HOCKING. *Geoffrey Bles.* 8s. 6d.

**Subject-Murder.** By CLIFFORD WITTING. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

**Spy Catchers.** By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

The publication of *The Visitor*, a short but remarkably good detective story, at the reasonable price of 5s., deserves to be a successful experiment. Most detective plots have to be stretched out with two or three murders to reach 70,000 words; and even then the authors pad unmercifully. But this conventional length is imposed on detection by the laws of economics. Only one in four copies is sold to the public: the remainder go to the lending libraries, who buy books by the yard and not on their merits. If readers were prepared to buy their detection instead of hiring it, they would not find themselves wasting precious hours in reading the extraneous rubbish that the author has wasted equally precious hours in inserting.

There is no makeweight rubbish about *The Visitor*, not even a murder: the problem to be solved is simply one of identity. An American boy of 14 disappears from his small-town home. He may have committed suicide, been kidnapped, been murdered or simply run away. A handsome reward is offered by his stepfather to anyone who can find him. Three years later the reward is claimed by a retired detective, and a boy of 17 presents himself as the missing person. Boys change out of all knowledge in three years, but is this boy the original Bud? If so, why does he remember so little of his former life? If not, how does he remember so much? The authors balance the pros and cons so plausibly (and only


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once unfairly) that it is no wonder the boy's family and his best friend don't know what to think. And, either way, what's the motive? Ah, that is where the old hounds, so used to the trail of murder, may easily lose the scent. *The Visitor* proves that, given a genuinely original idea worked out with confidence, murder is unnecessary for good detection.

The new Agatha Christie is an archaeological *tour de force*. The action takes place in the household of Imhotep, a Mortuary Priest, who lived in Upper Egypt about 2000 B.C. The inspiration of the plot and the characters, we are told, were derived from some letters of the XI Dynasty found in a rock tomb opposite Luxor. Imhotep, it appears, was troubled by an outbreak of unnatural death in his family which he attributed, according to the detective reasoning of 2000 B.C., to the malevolent spirit of a dead woman. Mrs. Christie proffers an alternative explanation of Imhotep's misfortunes. The convincing picture of everyday life among the Egyptian upper classes which she is able to build up is astonishing and fascinating. But I can reassure readers that the solution does not require the excavation of any rock tomb. Human passions have not changed much in 4,000 years, and murderers even so long ago were adopting one of Mrs. Christie's favourite formulas to baffle discovery.

When a lady novelist becomes too fond of her detective hero, she can't bear to frustrate the fellow in any way; and her plots degenerate automatically into thrillers. Lord Peter Wimsey was a sad instance of such misguided affection. *Coroner's Pidgin* is another piece of cake dished up for Albert Campion to munch. Albert returns unexpectedly to London from saving the Empire out Cairo way, to find a marchioness stealthily depositing a dead female in his bed with the help of his batman Lugg—the melodramatic opening to an exciting saga of the black market, the aristocracy and unspeakable Naziness. Miss Allingham, of course, is never dull. Her Albert's virtuosity is bound to hold our attention, but his easy triumphs will hardly command our respect. I fear the black market is so black that no respectable writer can touch it without becoming defiled.

Miss Hocking is respectable enough, but cannot grip our attention in *The Vultures Gather*. A disagreeable old Cornish lady expires in the bosom of her family just as she is trying to sign a will that disinherits the lot. Who slipped the poison into the hypodermic? We should like a brisk answer, especially as we have already made a pretty good guess. But page after page has to be listlessly turned while Miss Hocking skates round the subject, and a love interest pretends to have a broken wing to distract us. Stripped of the padding, the plot is sound; but after hours spent with Inspector Austen and the Chief Constable, who cares?

*Subject-Murder* is a rollicking version of life in an A.A. battery, with a sticky death for the sergeant-major as a *bonne bouche*. Mr. Witting makes up in humour for any lack of subtlety; and he pays his debt to detection like a man by springing a surprise on the penultimate page. But really the men were having such a lively time in the battery that it seems a pity to interrupt the fun by murdering the sergeant-major in such a very complicated way.

Mr. Newman's spy stories are supposed to be so true to life that the M. of I. has to censor them before publication. *Spy Catchers*, a collection of 31 war episodes, is a mixed bag. The espionage, though monotonous, is up to Mr. Newman's usual level of ingenuity. The other items, such as a fantasy of the Home Guard defeating the German invasion and a close-up of Polish atrocities, compare so unfavourably that they might well have been omitted. RALPH PARTRIDGE

## THE NAVAL HERITAGE

**The Naval Heritage.** By DAVID MATHEW. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is satisfactory that this distinguished Roman Catholic bishop has found the opportunity during wartime to write another book upon the British Navy. Dr. Mathew belongs to the school of the picturesque historians and has wisely chosen a subject of which he has direct knowledge. He was a midshipman in the last war and obviously re-creates some of his more vivid scenes with the aid of his own memory.

Nevertheless it is not entirely clear what the scope of his book is intended to be. Is it a miniature history of the British Navy? If so, the campaigns are inadequately explained. Is it the story of the professional naval class? If so, more detail about life in the naval garrison towns would have been welcome. The truth is that Dr. Mathew has come perilously near to falling into the trap of antiquarianism, that is to say, he lingers over those episodes or features of naval history which he personally finds attractive and forgets that a book of this kind, however well written, stands in need of a central theme.

To tell the story of the British Navy convincingly it is surely necessary to do more than pick out the highlights of its campaigns and to epitomise the lives of the more curious or amusing of its admirals. "It is seamen," as Admiral Napier said, "not ships that constitute the Navy." The part played by "professional interest" in the selection of high-ranking officers is a fascinating study which is usefully touched upon in this book. Even Nelson had an uncle who gave him "an early and compelling interest which set him far apart from the other many unprovided sons of the Georgian clergy." As late as the nineteenth century it could be asserted that it was "Service interest" which determined the speed of an officer's promotion. That is an aspect of history deserving close analysis.

Of the life of the ordinary seaman, this book says little. The literary evidence, it is true, is limited. But it is a striking fact that in spite of the mutinies with which our naval history is punctuated, except during the early stages of the Crimean war we have never lacked keen and excellent sailors. Why was this? Was the system of impressment a more effective method of recruitment than it appeared? Or was it because a seafaring tradition drives the more adventurous spirits among islanders to answer the call of the sea? Or was it mere unemployment which at phases in our history induced the more enterprising to turn from the poverty of town life to an outlet which was always open? It is indeed notable that during the present war we have never lacked volunteers—either men or women—for the Royal Navy. For the last hundred years the Navy has been a popular profession which has always found a core of recruits in the great seaports.

This book affords a series of colourful sketches of the famous naval captains, from the adventurer Drake to the eccentric but single-minded administrator, Lord Fisher. We see the dawning of a British naval tradition under Elizabeth, "slack water" between Elizabeth and Cromwell, the beginnings of professionalism after the civil war (as reflected in some of the journals of Pepys), the mingling of politics, society and naval "interest" in the eighteenth century, the romanticism of Nelson, and finally the improvement in the status of the sailor towards the end of Victoria's reign. It is an absorbing tale which Dr. Mathew outlines. But, as he himself says of Admiral Anson, the author is "a little immersed in the great world"; one would have liked to learn more about the tribulations and triumphs of the lower deck. MAURICE ASHLEY

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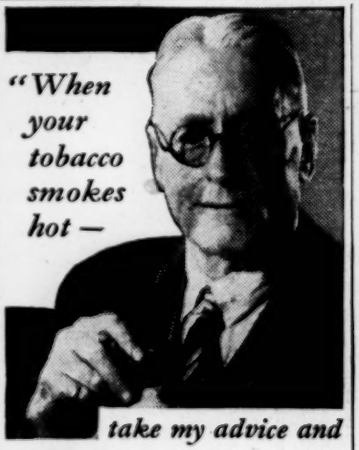

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## Company Meeting

## THE MINING ASSOCIATION

ADDRESS BY MR. ROBERT FOOT

IN his address to the ninety-first Annual General Meeting of the Mining Association in London on April 12th, Mr. Robert Foot referred to the Report of the Reid Committee as a most able document, which "must prove to be of the greatest value to the Coal Industry in the work of technical reconstruction"; and said that he was encouraged to note that in the Committee's approach to the general problem—of which the technical problem formed only one aspect, albeit a highly important one—there was such a large measure of agreement between their conclusions and those set out in his own Plan for Coal.

Both reports were based on the continuance of private ownership, both emphasised the need for drastic reorganisation, and both recommended the establishment of a central authority to ensure that their recommendations are carried into effect. Like the Reid Committee, he had stressed the need for closer integration of the Industry, and for a comprehensive treatment of the production problem in each area; and he had made this one of the responsibilities of the Central Board.

NEW PROPOSALS

With regard to his own Plan for Coal, Mr. Foot said:

"I believe it to be possible to suggest measures for meeting the several material criticisms that have been made; and I have formulated certain proposals directed to this end. These I am about to communicate to the Industry for consideration (and to issue for the information of the public and the Press), together with the draft Constitution of the Central Board and my proposals for bringing that Board into existence forthwith."

**Industrial Record, 1919-1939.** A Review of the Inter-War Years. *Published by Cadbury Bros., Ltd., Bournville, distributed by Pitman and Sons.* 8s. 6d.

It would be a good thing for British industry if most firms were as candid both with themselves and with their public as Cadbury Brothers, who have just published, under the title *Industrial Record, 1919-1939*, an admirably produced and illustrated account of their history between the wars. This shows how, by dint of mechanisation in the factory, of a thorough revision of their system of transport, and of a careful study of the conditions of marketing, as well as of a very enlightened labour policy, the firm has been able to bring down the prices of its products and thus to enlarge its market and greatly increase its turnover, even in money. The most remarkable fact shown by this record is that sales increased during the years of the great depression, when the firm took large risks in order to cut costs and prices to the lowest possible level. *Industrial Record* also shows how it is practical to keep production and employment steady through the year in a highly seasonal trade, to outvie Beveridge in the provision of social security, and to carry through extensive mechanisation, involving considerable displacement of labour, not without hardships and difficulties, but in such a way as to show a real sense of obligation for the human consequences of technical change.

It may be said that Messrs. Cadbury were able to do these things because they were engaged in an expanding trade, and that there would have been a different story to tell had they been in a declining industry. That is true enough; but there are plenty of firms which, having their chances, have not taken advantage of them. It may be suggested that Messrs. Cadbury have had the advantage in some degree of monopoly; but they point out that the confectionery industry is in strong competition with many others for the consumers' spare money. We could wish that this book had said more about the relations between Cadbury Brothers and other manufacturers of chocolate and cocoa. It is here said that some element of "price maintenance" is necessary to the welfare of the industry; but we are not told how the system works, though it is made plain that Cadbury's themselves have always made it a matter of principle to give the public good value for its money and to keep margins reasonably low. What emerges most from this study is the extreme wastefulness of the existing methods of retail distribution. Distributive and selling costs account for about 45 per cent. of selling price, and distributive costs alone, after the goods have left the manufacturer's hands, for one-third.

**Beatrice Webb, 1858-1943.** By R. H. TAWNEY. *Published by British Academy.* 3s. 6d.

Prof. Tawney is not only one of the greatest living social historians but also one of the best writers of dignified, eloquent prose. As an old friend, a fellow-Fabian, and a sharer to the full in Beatrice Webb's unifying view of the purpose and character of the social studies, Professor Tawney was plainly the right person to pronounce upon her the British Academy's funeral oration. He has packed into it, with no sacrifice of stylistic quality, an astonishingly large amount of information, varying from the chronicle of her doings—inseparable mostly from Sidney Webb's—to intimate pictures of her personal quality. "Of the characteristics which they"—Beatrice and Sidney—"had in common," he writes, "simplicity and magnanimity were perhaps the most striking. . . . While they knew exactly what they wanted, and had few rivals in the business of 'getting things done,' their achievements owed more to single-mindedness and integrity than to the artful astuteness ascribed to them by the credulous. Some hard knocks came their way, not only from opponents; but to bear no grudges was part of their creed." That is all admirably true; and so is this: "Their own attitude to questions of social policy was realist, experimental, and constructive. . . . Holding that light, not heat, was the world's chief need, and believing that reason and good will would, if given time, prevail, they were impatient of criticisms without affirmations, and refused to preach ideals till they had found the way to realise them." Finally, by way of more personal touch, what of this? "To visit them at Passfield Corner, or to spend with them part of the holidays which they were fabled never to take, was to share the company of two sociable personalities, with a psychological curiosity not too educated to enjoy gossip, an engaging capacity for laughing at themselves, and the appetite for physical exercise of a gryphon in the wilderness."

## Week-end Competition

No. 795

**Set by W. R.**

The usual prizes are offered for 26 lines of a rhyming alphabet about flowers. Entries by April 28th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 792

**Set by A. F. W.**

Winston and Mahatma Gandhi die on the same day and meet on their way to wherever they are going in the after life. The usual prizes are offered for an imaginary conversation between these two in 200 words or less—better less

**Report by A. F. W.**

There were thirty entries, most of them suggesting to your reporter that the competition was more difficult than it seemed likely to be when set. The shortest replies were, on the whole, the best, e.g., Lewis England's had good point in brevity: *Winston*, win; *Mahatma*, spin. Most of the longer entries might have been conversations before the disembodiment of the pair; and though some made a hit here and there, the level was not well enough maintained to bring them into the short list. I recommend that a guinea each be awarded to David Freeman and L. H., and half a guinea to "Little Billee". John Muschamp, J. S. Jenkins and L. E. J. were the best of the others.

Gandhi: I-am joining the Eternal.
Churchill: And I the crowd in Westminster Abbey.
DAVID FREEMAN

Winston: Where are you going to?
Gandhi: To Nirvana.
Winston: What's to do there? I am going to hell to roast Hitler.
L. H.

*Winston:* Ah, Mr Gandhi! Just the man to help me!

*Gandhi:* Co-operation at last?

*W.:* Look here, Gandhi, you know much more about this spiritual business than I do; what does one say at—er—at the Bar?

*G.:* Mere plain truth. Rich, eloquent speeches are almost fatal. In your case possibly silence would be best. And, whatever you do, don't try making the "V" sign!

*W.:* But I'm not a war criminal! They *must* listen.

*G.:* Perhaps everyone coming here from earth to-day is a war criminal. I believe they look up your record in a big book, and sometimes let you add a short statement.

*W.:* I'll just mention blood and sweat and tears, and tell them how I fought for the freedom and independence of all nations.

*G.:* At that point, Mr. Churchill, I shall feel bound to interrupt with—a slight cough?

*W.:* You mean—India?

*G.:* Yes. Perhaps they'll send us both back, to try again—you as a coolie and I as an English peer!

*W.:* We certainly went to work in different ways; but mine, you must admit, led to victory, yours did not.

*G.:* My friend, let us meet again in a hundred years, and see what history has to say about that!

*W.:* Agreed!
"LITTLE BILLEE"

## Company Meeting

### UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S STATEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution will be held at the head office, 33, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., on April 25.

The following is a summary of the statement by the Chairman, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., circulated with the report and accounts:—

Since the last general meeting of members the board has been strengthened by the election of Major T. E. Baring, whose appointment is now submitted for confirmation.

The balance sheet, life assurance account, and the actuary's valuation all disclose a position of quite exceptional strength, on which the directors have felt justified in declaring a compound bonus of 25s. per cent. for the six years ended December 31, 1944, and an interim bonus at the same rate for the current year. The bonus, taken in conjunction with our premium rates, puts a United Kingdom policy in the very forefront of reliable investments, whether considered from the viewpoint of cost or return. The mortality experience of the two triennial periods has enabled the actuary to recommend an additional 2s. to the rate of bonus payable to certain members of the temperance section.

NEED FOR ECONOMY

The vastly swollen National Debt now amounts to 45 per cent. of the total value of private property in this country, and more than a third of it is callable within a year. This cannot be considered a healthy condition, and emphasises the urgency of a halt in the orgy of spending and the piling up of public commitments.

A post-war aim of first importance will be to perpetuate the saving habit developed with such gratifying success in the last few years. Saving is essential in wartime, but to refrain from or defer spending and consumption must always be an essential part of the process of progress. It will be necessary to find new savers to replace any who from force of circumstances are obliged to encash Saving Certificates and other Government obligations, and in addition to rebuild capital assets of all descriptions lost or damaged by war. In this connection life assurance has a great part to play and may be regarded not only as a personal necessity but also as a national service.

There is a great deal to be said for cheap money—meaning thereby good money at a low rate of interest—but there is also much that needs saying on the other side of the argument. Thrift, as a social service, is entitled to a just reward. Too much attention can be given to large public financial transactions and too little thought to the millions of individuals and the hundreds of thousands of small traders whose need is for money with good purchasing power. The sum of the business of all the little people transcends in amount and importance the large-scale schemes which tend to monopolise public attention. We can never thrive on "cheap and nasty" money, and should take care that reckless expenditure is not encouraged by facilities for borrowing on artificial terms.

NEW BUSINESS

The numbers and amounts of new policies issued during 1944 show a satisfactory advance, especially when the care with which proposals are examined is remembered. As will be seen from the directors' report, no less than £260,000 of such proposals made to us were declined, postponed, or for other reasons not completed, indicating to some extent the safeguarding of existing members by the skilful caution of our officials.


**Personal**

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**Personal—continued**

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